

JULY 6, 1923

No. 927

FAME
· AND ·

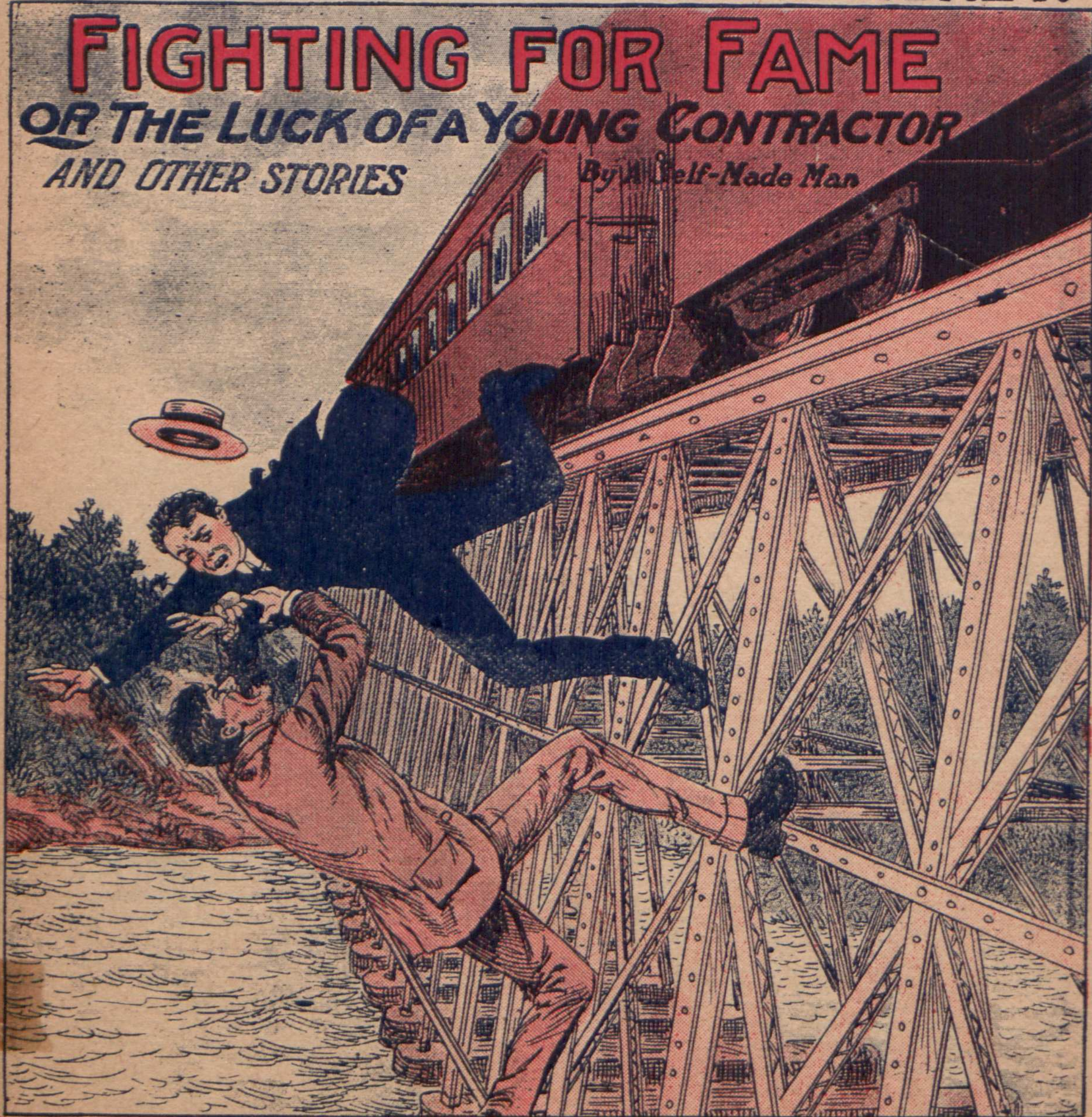
7 Cents

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

FIGHTING FOR FAME
OR THE LUCK OF A YOUNG CONTRACTOR
AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The rascal grasped the boy and flung himself from the trestle. With a mighty roar the train rushed over the spot both had been occupying a moment before. Down plunged the young contractor and his foe toward the river below.

Latest Radio News Given on Pages 24 and 25

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 927

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1923

Price 7 Cents

FIGHTING FOR FAME

OR, THE LUCK OF A YOUNG CONTRACTOR

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Railroad contract.

"Well, Don," said Gilford Winthrop, a bright-eyed, earnest-looking lad of eighteen years, as his twin brother, Donald, entered the office of "John Winthrop, General Contractor," on Main street, in the town of Lakeview, "does the contract stand?"

There was a shade of anxiety in his voice, while his hazel eyes searched his brother's face as if he would read the answer in his expressive features.

"Yes, Gil," replied Don, in cheery tones, "everything is satisfactorily arranged. Mr. Prescott, the chief engineer of the D. P. & G., assures me that the original bond is holding on the work, and so far as the railroad company's concerned, father's death will make no difference with respect to the contract."

"Good!" exclaimed Gil, with sparking eyes.

"Andrew Newman was present, and he made a big fight to freeze us out. He said all manner of uncomplimentary things about you and I; but it did not do him any good, just the same."

"I'm glad the matter is settled, Don," said Gil, with an air of relief. "I was afraid that Newman would get the inside track of us. He's an old and experienced contractor, you know. He expected to get this contract, in the first place, and was as mad as a hornet when it was awarded to father. The day it was signed Jim Kelso, Newman's confidential foreman, who was under the influence of liquor at the time, swore that father never would complete the work within the stipulated time. Do you think we may look for trouble from the Newman crowd?"

"It is quite possible they will try to annoy us all they can. We must be on our guard. It is up to us, Gil, to build the road within the time limit, not only for the honor of the thing, but to save forfeiture of the security bond, which you are aware amounts to twenty per cent. of the approximate cost of the contract. No excuses for the non-fulfilment of the agreement will go with the railroad company."

Don walked over to the safe, took therefrom the blue prints and a copy of the general specifications for building the line of road covered by the contract. The two boys sat down to a

table and, with a pile of memoranda prepared by their father before he died, they were soon engrossed in a study of the situation.

The late John Winthrop had contracted to build a branch line for the D. P. & Q. railroad from Lakeview to the main line at Glendale, a distance of about twenty miles. As this was not the first contract of the kind he had undertaken, he was well provided with the necessary facilities for the prosecution of such work. His steam shovel outfit had a capacity of 2,500 cubic yards in ten hours, and it handled all kinds of material from the softest earth to shale rock, large boulders, tree stumps, etc., and performed all the work of loosening and loading. As the economical working of the shovel required that the material should be hauled away as fast as it was loaded, Mr. Winthrop had provided some thirty dirt cars, which, when the distance to the dump was short, were hauled by horses; otherwise they were made up in two trains and handled by a couple of narrow-gauge locomotives.

The steam shovel was indispensable on the present job, as the survey carried the line through a spur of the foothills, where a cut of half a mile or more would have to be excavated. A short tunnel had to be cut through a cliff projecting into the lake. But by far the greater part of the roadbed would lie along a flat, comparatively level district bordering on the lake, which gave its name to the town with which railroad connection was to be made. An arm of this body of water ran close into the spur of the hill where the principal excavation was to be made, and Mr. Winthrop counted on this as a great advantage to him, as the fifty-horse power non-condensing engine employed to operate the steam shovel used so much water that the cost of water supply, which was a serious matter to him when water was not readily obtainable, was reduced to a minimum.

John Winthrop had only one competitor for the railroad contract. This was Andrew Newman, a man by no means popular in that neighborhood, where he had done a great deal of road building for the county. Newman wanted this particular contract badly, and he tried his level best to get it, making use of questionable methods. But possession of the proper plant

enabled Winthrop to underbid him, and Newman felt bitter toward his successful rival. Winthrop had got things almost in shape for beginning the work, when one morning he was found dead in his chair in his private office. The physician called in declared that he had died of heart failure. The case, therefore, did not go to the coroner, and in due time all that was mortal of John Winthrop was laid away in the town burying-ground.

A few days after the funeral Newman called on Mrs. Winthrop and made her an offer for the business and plant as it stood, which, of course, carried with it the railroad contract. The offer was not at all satisfactory. Besides, her two stalwart sons, Donald and Gilford, had determined to carry on their father's business. They believed themselves fully competent to do so. Both had taken a three years' course of civil engineering, and in addition thereto had two years' practical experience under their father's eye. For Mr. Winthrop's intention had been to eventually take his boys into partnership. With a valuable contract at their disposal, and all the necessary means at hand to carry out the work outlined, it would have been a foolish move to dispose of the business, even at a fair price. And Mr. Newman's offer could scarcely have been called a fair one. He believed the Winthrop business was at his mercy. For Don and Gil he had nothing but contempt. He looked on them merely as boys. Not for a moment did he believe they would attempt to carry out the contract for grading the twenty miles of road-bed between Lakeview and Glendale. He was unpleasantly surprised when he discovered that such was really their intention.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed to his man Kelso, and his chief assistant, of course, agreed that the idea was preposterous.

"I shall see the chief engineer of the D. P. & Q. about it," he said angrily.

And he did. He found Don Winthrop in consultation with Mr. Prescott. He was admitted to the conference, and he used every argument in his power to convince the engineer that it would be folly to allow the Winthrop estate to carry on the contract with two such boys as Don and Gil in charge. But Mr. Prescott had the records of the young fellows before him, and he saw no reason why the contract should not stand. The boys were fully prepared and apparently qualified to carry out the work, and the surety bond was good. So Andrew Newman was disappointed in his effort to attain the object sought after. The contract was to stand, and he was out of it. We are sorry to say that the big contractor used some very strong language to relieve his feelings after he left the engineer's office. If he had been disgruntled by losing the contract originally to John Winthrop, he was twice as much put out to be euchred by that gentleman's sons.

"I'll get square with those cubs for daring to beard me to my face. So they think they can build this branch line, do they?"

He laughed sardonically as he walked along the street toward his own office.

"They think they can do the work on time, eh? With a half-mile spur to be cut through in the hills and the tunnel at the cliff to blast

out. Oh, yes; they'll do it. Not if Andrew Newman knows it they won't, and I guess he'll keep track of what they do. I swore their father shouldn't make a success of this work, and I meant it. I guess he was a bigger proposition than they are."

He stopped at a saloon to get a drink, a frequent habit of his, and found his confidential foreman, Jim Kelso, lined up with a couple of cronies against the bar. Jim was not in the least abashed when his boss surprised him in this position. Kelso had a habit of doing pretty much as he pleased when his business was not rushing, and Andrew Newman's affairs were somewhat slack just then. He had only one contract on hand. It was a matter of road-building on the other side of the lake, and Kelso's assistant, Mike Mullen, was looking after that. Newman called for a whisky, and, having drank it, he motioned Kelso to follow him outside.

"The railroad contract has been transferred to those boys in spite of everything I could do to the contrary," said Newman, gloweringly.

"Has it?" replied Kelso, with an unpleasant grin.

"They've got a cast-iron nerve to think they'll be able to put such an undertaking through in anything like the time stipulated."

"Failure to do it 'ill cost 'em a pretty penny, I'm thinkin'," said Kelso, with another of his cheerful grins.

"Then they will go under."

"Mebbe they will. But I reckon we ought to help 'em along in that direction."

"They won't need any assistance. I'm willing to bet a thousand dollars that they'll be all tangled up in less than a month."

"Don't be so sure of that, Mr. Newman," answered the foreman, with a sage wag of his head. "Them boys understand their business."

"Who says they do?" demanded the contractor angrily.

"I say so. If ye want to know my opinion, it's jest this: Them two lads are smarter'n chain lightnin'."

"What are you giving me, Jim Kelso?" growled Mr. Newman, with a lowering brow.

"Nothin' what I can't prove. If ye want to do them two boys up ye've got ter get right down ter business. Ye don't want ter take no chances. They may have bitten off more'n they kin chew with this railroad job; but ye'll be kinder surprised, mark my words, to see the way they'll go at it. Them boys ain't no kid-glove dudes. You'd know it by this time if ye'd paid any attention to 'em, which I guess ye haven't."

This plain statement on the part of his foreman was news, and not pleasant news, to Andrew Newman. He wanted to discredit it, for he despised everything that bore the name of Winthrop; but he was keen enough to understand that there must be some ground for Kelso's dogged assertion.

"Your word is pretty good, Jim, but I'd like something more substantial in the way of evidence."

"You watch them boys after they get started on this job of gradin' and ye'll have all the evidence ye want," said his foreman, with a nod that carried a great deal of weight with it.

"Well," grunted Newman, "I don't care how

smart they are, I'm going to pickle them. I'm going to drive them out of business, in these parts, at any rate. I'll bust them higher than a kite before I get through with them. They'll regret the day they measured strength with Andrew Newman."

"Now ye're talkin'. And ye kin depend on me helpin' ye do it. I'm down on that fellow Don. He butted in 'tween my son Jerry and that there gal of mine, who thinks' cause she's blind she kin do as she pleases. But I reckon I won't stand no sich nonsense."

"Where did you come to get hold of that girl, Jim? She isn't your daughter."

"Never mind how I come to get her. I ain't tellin' everythin' I know. She belongs to me, and that's enough said," retorted Kelso, doggedly.

"Well, it's none of my business. Your affairs are your own. So long as you stand by me I'm your friend. If you hate one of the Winthrop cubs, so much the better. You'll take a greater relish in doing them up, and the worse they're done up the most satisfied I'll feel. Come into the office and we'll go over the matter and see how we'll go to work about the thing."

And thus, while Don Winthrop and his brother were arranging the final details for starting the grading of the railroad right of way, Andrew Newman and his assistant Jim Kelso were putting their heads together three blocks away, laying plans to defeat the efforts of the two bright young fellows to carry the work to a successful end.

CHAPTER II.—Blind Nellie.

Although Don and Gil Winthrop were twins, and of course of the same age, Don took the lead in everything without hesitation, and his brother instinctively accorded him first place and was content to follow at his dictation. Gil was more like his mother, who was of a gentle, yielding disposition; while Don seemed to be the counterpart of his father, who had been a man of action, perseverance and uncommon energy. The boys had never had a quarrel in their lives, and the possibility of a serious disagreement between them seemed very remote indeed. So when the railroad contract was fairly started, Don took the entire supervision of the job on his shoulders, and Gil was satisfied to pass the larger portion of his time in the neighborhood of the big steam shovel, which had begun to eat its way into that particular spur of the foothills which stood in the path of the projected roadbed.

A temporary track had been laid down for something like a mile and a half to the outskirts of Lakeview for the purpose of hauling the earth from the hills to a ten-acre plot of low, swampy ground. This piece of land the Winthrop brothers had purchased cheap, and proposed to reclaim it by raising it to a level with the grade. On contracts for railroads, the railroads would not allow the contractor to dispose of the material excavated, where it would be expensive to the company. The present instance is an exception. This was a bit of speculation on Don's part, for he knew that the owners of the Greenville Carriage Works, now located in the small town of Greenville, thirty miles distant, were

looking for a convenient building site close to the new railway line, and he had made overtures to them on the subject, with every prospect of completing the deal in time.

Later on Don proposed to fill in a certain part of the lake shore within half a mile of the cut, which he and his brother had also acquired by purchase. On this made lad they proposed to build a summer hotel, with tennis ground, bathing pavilion and other modern improvements. It was a warm spring day, and everything was progressing favorably with the grading work of the new railroad line. Don had three gangs at work. At the cut there were five Italian laborers under Joe Sinkey, the foreman. This gang was employed in shifting the steam shovel when necessary, taking up and relaying the tracks for the cars, shifting loaded and unloaded cars, etc. Besides these men there was the engineer of the stationary engine, the fireman and the cranesman. The wages and other expenses of the outfit was about \$150 per week. Besides, there were the engineers of the two locomotives and a dumping gang at the other end of the track. The third gang, which was the largest, was working between the cut and the Lakeview terminal, along fairly level ground. Don was here, there any everywhere where work was in progress. After dinner on this particular day he was out at the cut giving sundry instructions to his brother, who for the present was anchored at that locality. Then, feeling that he had a respite for a while, he strolled over the foothills towards the cliff abutting on the lake. This cliff had to be tunneled at a certain point for the tracks to pass through. This was the most delicate and difficult part of the contract, but it was a piece of work that appealed to Don's engineering tastes.

He was really very enthusiastic over the prospect of successfully piercing that wall of rock. When Don reached the cliff he seated himself on a boulder in a nook among the rocks, and began to study the face of the projection which was to be penetrated by the drills. He wondered how much labor and how many pounds of dynamite would be required to do the work properly within the lines of excavation as indicated by the plans.

"It will be a nice piece of work," he mused, as his eyes roved up and down the bare cliff. "Drilling and blasting must be conducted with all possible care to prevent shattering the roof and sides beyond the section lines."

Undoubtedly this was the most fascinating part of the contract for Don. Fifty feet above where he sat the cliff projected in half-arch fashion over the surface of the lake. Up there it was covered with a struggling mass of early vegetation, which shone brightly green in the afternoon sunlight. A rough, irregular pathway pursued its sinuous course from the shore line to the top of the cliff. One hundred feet from the edge of that airy height Don could just make out the roof of Jim Kelso's humble cottage. The only sign of life in that vicinity was the wisp of hazy-looking smoke, which floated straight up in the air from the red brick chimney at the back of the house. But as Don looked upward a sunbonnet came into view, and then by degrees the figure of a young girl in a check

gown approached the edge of the cliff, standing there in the full glory of the sunshine.

"Good gracious!" gasped Don. "That's little blind Nellie. A step or two more and she will plunge to certain death among the rocks down here. How can I warn her?" and the boy stood up in great excitement.

But his anxious solicitude for the girl was really thrown away. Nellie knew exactly where she was, although to her eyes the world was a blank. Her senses of touch and hearing were marvelous. She knew every foot of the ground and the exact contour of the landscape for miles around the Kelso cottage. The boy understood something about Nellie's remarkable perceptive faculties, but for all that he was startled by her apparent peril.

"Nellie," he shouted eagerly, "go back; you are on the very edge of the cliff."

The girl easily heard and recognized the voice as it was wafted up to her. She looked down at him and smiled as though she really saw him.

"What are you doing down there, Donald Winthrop?" she asked, taking off her bonnet and swinging it lazily to and fro by one of its strings.

"I'm coming up to talk to you a moment," he said, suiting the action to the word, for it made him nervous to see her standing in so dangerous a spot.

"No, please don't," she replied, in a tone that brought him to a full pause all at once.

"And why not?" asked Don impetuously, for since the day, three months before, when he had thrashed Jerry Kelso for striking her in the face—a cowardly act that had made his blood boil at the time—he had often thought of the blind girl. Her unfortunate condition as the drudge of the Kelsos appealed to his chivalry, and he had looked forward to another meeting with her as a matter of great pleasure.

The girl turned toward the cottage before answering. Then she said:

"I'll come down."

With the fearlessness of one sure of her way, Nellie walked a dozen yards back along the edge of the cliff till she came to the beginning of the roughly-hewn pathway, which she seemed to recognize without difficulty, and then started to descend the face of the rock. No one watching her movements, which were as light and graceful as a fawn, would for a single moment have supposed her to be blind. Don too, impatient to await her coming, sprang forward to meet her, and the girl knew he was coming from the moment he took his first step.

"Donald Winthrop, what an impetuous boy you are!" she exclaimed, with a winsome smile that lighted up as lovely a countenance as any painter could wish to transfer to canvas.

A sudden draught of air whistling about the cliff caught and blew out the unconfined tresses of her beautiful hair, and the sunlight transformed it into a mass of living, burnished gold.

"Impetuous, am I?" laughed Don, as he continued to advance to meet her. "To tell the truth, it gives me a chill to see you coming down this path in such a reckless manner."

"Why, there isn't any danger," replied the girl, in a tone of surprise.

"Isn't there? Well, I don't know about that.

How can you know but the heavy rain of yesterday morning may have loosened a rock here and there?"

"But I am always very careful where I trust my feet, Don Winthrop," she said.

"I should judge by your movements that you are not half as careful as you ought to be."

"That's because you don't know me," she answered with a smile, as she placed her hand in his confidently when she felt he was near to her.

"You are truly a wonderful girl, Nellie," said Don, with a sympathetic, almost tender, look down into her sightless eyes. "Sure you have not always been blind?"

"No," she replied sadly. "I had a fall which injured the optic nerve, so that I gradually lost my sight a few years ago."

She suffered him to seat her on the boulder which he had just vacated, and she sat there in silence for a moment or two, with her face turned toward the lake, while he sat by her side and studied the beautiful face in its frame of golden hair.

"If Mother Kelso or Jerry should chance to see us together I'm afraid there would be trouble," she said at length. "You are sure we are alone?"

"Yes, Nellie, quite alone," replied the boy, after a rapid glance around the lonesome spot.

"I am glad," she continued in an eager voice. "I wanted so much to see you, Donald Winthrop. You are building a railroad near here, are you not—you and your brother?"

"Yes, Nellie."

"And that is why you came here, I suppose—to look around?"

"Yes. We are going to blast a tunnel through the base of this cliff by and by, and I came over to study the looks of the place."

"Mr. Andrew Newman—that's the man Mr. Kelso works for—wanted to build this road, didn't he?"

"Yes," answered Don, rather surprised at her remark.

"I heard Mr. Kelso talking about it at the cottage. Mr. Newman is very angry because you got the contract, and"—she grasped Don's hand, while a little shudder agitated her—"I'm afraid you'll have trouble over the work. Mr. Kelso frightened me with the threats he used against you particularly."

"Why me in particular?"

"Because," and the boy saw the tears start in her blinded eyes, "he hates you bitterly. He says he means to get square with you for taking my part that day Jerry struck me. And I—I have never had the chance to thank you sufficiently for your courage in coming to my assistance. But now I am sorry you did—so sorry—because Mr. Kelso is a harsh and unreasonable man, and I dread lest he do you an injury, and all on my account."

"Nonsense, Nellie! I can take care of myself. I don't fear Jim Kelso a little bit. And if I hear of Jerry Kelso abusing you again I'll give him another dressing-down, one that he won't soon forget."

"No, no; you mustn't," she said earnestly. "You don't know these people. They are very vindictive."

"I shall keep a bright lookout against any of their little tricks," answered Don, resolutely.

"I hope you will," she said, with evident anxiety, "for I am sure they mean you harm, Donald Winthrop. I heard Mr. Kelso say you had a gang of men excavating the hill yonder," and Nellie waved her hand in the direction of the cut. "He told Mother Kelso he meant to do something in that direction that would knock your operations out for a while. You have an Italian there named Mike Rossi. You ought to watch him, for I am sure he is a very bad man. He used to work for Mr. Kelso. He was sent over to your place to get employment, and for no good purpose."

"I am much obliged to you, Nellie, for this warning," said Don, gratefully. "I am looking for trouble from the Newman people, but of course cannot tell in what shape it is likely to come. I shall have this Rossi spotted, and if we catch him up to any funny business I'll have him in jail so quick that it'll make his head swim."

"I'm so glad of this chance to tell you these things," said the blind girl, looking up in Don's face. "I should feel very miserable if any harm happened to—you."

"And I am very grateful to you for interesting yourself in my behalf," replied the handsome young contractor. "I wish I could do something for you in return. I can't understand why a girl of your gentle nature is willing to put up with the life you lead with the Kelsos. You ought to leave them. My mother would be glad to offer you a home, while I——"

"No, no," replied the girl, with a frightened look. "I dare not leave them."

"Dare not!" exclaimed Don, impetuously. "Why?"

The girl looked at him appealingly.

"Tell me," urged the boy, earnestly, "has this Jim Kelso any claim upon you?"

"You must not ask me—indeed you must not!" she cried with a look of fear.

"Are you a relative of his?"

"No," she answered reluctantly.

"Then what possible hold can he have on you?"

Nellie only bent her head, and Don could see the tears stealing down her cheeks. The sympathy he had all along felt for this gentle creature came to the surface with great warmth. He bent over her and seized her little hands.

"There's some mystery in this, little girl. Why will you not trust me? I will be your friend. Tell me what the trouble is. Nellie, I insist on knowing."

Nellie sprang up with a suppressed scream and clung to Don's arm. The boy turned quickly about, to find Jim Kelso standing within a few feet of them, regarding him with a look as black as thundergust.

CHAPTER III.—The Fight at the Foot of the Cliff.

"Well," said Don, with a dignity that was natural to him, "what have you got to say about this matter, anyway?"

"What have I got to say?" said Kelso, with a sneer. "I've a good bit to say. Go home, gal,"

he added fiercely, turning to Nellie. "If I ketch you talkin' to this chap agin it won't be good for ye—understand?"

"Good-by, Don Winthrop," said Nellie, giving him her hand, which trembled visibly in his grasp.

"Good-by, Nellie," Don answered, without making any attempt to detain her, which he judged would have brought down on her gentle head the anger of her tyrants. The blind girl turned slowly away and began the ascent of the cliff, passing within arm's length of Kelso. Don watched the man like a hawk, fearing he would strike the girl. Had he done so, and his eyes seemed to indicate such an intention, there would have been trouble: Don was in no mood to stand for such an exhibition of brutality. But Jim Kelso allowed Nellie to pass him unharmed. It is possible he scented danger in the young engineer's face and preferred not to provoke a quarrel, strong and rugged as he undoubtedly was. Evidently the man was not looking for a personal encounter at that moment.

"Now you kin go," he said, turning a malevolent look on the boy.

"Can I?" replied Don, with a short laugh, which in its way was a sort of danger signal. "Since when have you constituted yourself the arbiter of my movements?"

"None of your blamed business! I don't want ye hangin' 'round here chinnin' to that there gal; do you understand?"

"I wasn't aware that you had any control over this ground," replied Don sarcastically.

"I have control over that gal, and I won't stand for a gent like you puttin' any nonsense into her head—that's what I mean. You struck my son Jerry three weeks ago because he gave the gal a tap on the cheek for talkin' sassy to him, and I want ye to understand that I don't care for ye to repeat it," and Kelso nodded his head in a significant manner.

"I struck your son because he was behaving like a brute and refused to desist when I asked him to. He's big and husky enough to defend himself without calling on you."

That was quite true, although Jerry Kelso was but seventeen; but, like most bullies, he was a rank coward, and Don knew it.

"What was that gal sayin' to ye when I came up?" asked Kelso, suddenly changing the subject.

"Why do you want to know?" replied Don, looking him squarely in the eye.

"'Cause I reckon it's my business to know," answer the foreman doggedly.

"Well, you won't learn from me."

"Then I'll make her tell me," said Kelso, with an ugly scowl.

"And suppose she won't—what then?"

"Don't you worry; I'll find a way to open her mouth," he said significantly.

"Look here, Jim Kelso," said Don, walking squarely up to him; "do you know what I think of you?"

"No, nor I don't keer."

"Don't you? Well, I've just got one word to say to you on that subject, and if you know when you're well off you'll heed what I say. Don't let me hear of you laying the weight of your hand on that girl. I mean it. For as sure as

there is a heaven above I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget as long as you live."

"You'll do what?" roared the foreman, doubling up his brawny fist.

"I'll take it out of your hide, if that's plain enough English."

"Why, I kin eat you up, you soft-faced dude!" ejaculated Kelso furiously. "Do ye see thet arm?" and he rolled up the sleeve of his red flannel shirt, exposing a great, hairy arm, which bristled with muscle and sinew. "If I hit ye with that you'd be a fit subject for the coroner, d'ye understand?"

If Jim Kelso thought this display of his strength would intimidate Don Winthrop he was greatly mistaken.

"I see you've been drinking," said Don, coolly, "and I prefer not to have any trouble with you, but——"

"What if I have been drinkin'? Thet's my bizness. If I go up yonder an' kick the head off'n that gal if she won't open her face when I ask her a question, that's my bizness, too," snarled the foreman, squirting a steam of tobacco juice within an inch of the young engineer's shoe.

"You'll find out that I'll make it my business if I hear of you doing any harm to her. Why, nobody but a brute would raise his hand against any woman, let alone a little blind girl like Nellie."

"Yah!" snarled Kelso, showing his tobacco-stained teeth like a famished hyena. "I've a mind to smash your face for you."

"I've dealt with brutes like you before, so I wouldn't advise you to try it," said the boy, with exasperating coolness.

"Blame you!" cried the man, flaring up like a flash of gunpowder and thrusting his rough fist within an inch of Don's face, "if ye git me goin' I'll wipe the earth with ye till there won't be enough left of ye to make a respectable funeral."

"Take your hand away!" cried Don sharply, without moving a muscle.

The ruffian half complied, and then, as though ashamed of his action, he suddenly slapped the boy across the mouth, making the remark:

"Take that for——"

But he got no farther. With a spring Don planted his fist squarely between the man's eyes, and the fellow fell back in a heap among the rocks. In a momest he sat up and looked around in a dazed sort of way. Then, with an oath, he sprang to his feet. His face was distorted with passion, and blood was trickling from a cut behind his ear, where his head had come in contact with a rock.

"I'll kill you for that!" he shouted hoarsely, rushing at Don, his face convulsed with all the evil instincts of his nature.

Smash! The boy leaped aside with the agility of a cat, and at the same time planted a swift hook under the rascal's jaw which sent his head back with a snap and rattled every tooth in his jaws. The blow stopped him for a second; then he came at Don like a whirlwind, evidently intending to annihilate him on the spot. But the boy, who was as cool as an iceberg, ducked with wonderful quickness, and as Kelso's fist shot past into empty air, throwing him partly off his balance, Don turned and hit him a swinging blow

under the left ear, sending the brawny fellow staggering away. No one but an adept at the game of sparring could have handled the muscular foreman with the ease and precision the young engineer displayed.

"Ye kin fight, kin ye!" gritted Jim Kelso, now thoroughly aroused to the work cut out for him. "Let me hit ye one blow, an' I'll knock it all out of you quicker'n greased lightnin'."

This time he came at the boy with more caution; but his blows were parried with wonderful skill, and he got a couple of smashes in the face, either of which would have floored an ordinary man. But in his case they merely stopped him for a moment. In the mix-up which followed Don received one glancing blow, while he pummeled his opponent right and left in the face and chest. Kelso, now bleeding from a cut on the mouth, looked like a savage as he advanced again, this time fully determined to have his revenge for the punishment he had received.

"I'll have no mercy on ye if I once git ye into my clutches!" he snarled, with a grim ferocity would boded ill for the boy unless he could keep the ruffian off.

Don again cleverly ducked a straight one aimed at his head. Biff! He opened a second cut on Kelso's lip. With an oath the foreman recovered himself quickly and dealt the boy a staggering blow on the chest that sent him back a yard or two.

"Yah! Now I have ye!" roared the ruffian with a triumphant grin, following up his advantage with a blind rush and swing of his arms.

But Don was not where Kelso thought he was. Smash! Crash! The lad's hard knuckles rattled his jaws again, and the foreman turned fairly livid with disappointed rage. For the next five minutes the young engineer seemed to hit the rascal where he pleased without receiving a scratch in return, though the fellow tried his prettiest to land a knockout, and took his punishment in grim silence. Kelso's countenance was battered and bloody by this time, but this was no new experience for him. He was as fit to continue the fight as if he had never been struck. Don, too, was in prime condition. He scarcely seemed to be breathing out of the ordinary, in spite of his recent exertions. But his blood was thoroughly up by this time. He also realized that he had a hard proposition on his hands.

"I've fooled with him long enough," he muttered under his breath. "It's time I polished him off if I'm ever going to do it."

With this resolve he now assumed the aggressive and went at Kelso like a young cyclone. This change in tactics astonished and confounded the foreman, whose defense was feeble and ineffective. He was staggered by the swings, cuts and hooks, which seemed to strike him like lightning flashes. Kelso, in his blind fury, tried to land an effective blow, but not one seemed to reach. Smash! This time Don caught him plumb in the left eye. Thud! The boy's left bruised his flat nose. Biff! Straight from the shoulder Don landed on the point of the rascal's jaw. This was what he had been aiming for. Jim Kelso went down like an ox under the sledgehammer. It was a clean knockout, and the foreman had no further interest in the proceedings.

"Well, he's got his medicine at last," said the stalwart young engineer, calmly wiping the blood from his bleeding knuckles while he looked down on his semi-conscious adversary. "And it serves you well right, you brute! Let me hear of you touching a hair of Nellie's bright little head and I'll not leave a feature on your ugly face for your wife to recognize you by!"

Thus speaking, Don turned on his heel and left the foreman lying where he had fallen, to recover at his own sweet convenience.

CHAPTER IV.—An Alarm Over the Telephone.

"What's the matter with your hands, Don?" asked his brother Gil, as the young engineer reappeared at the cut after more than an hour's absence.

"I met Jim Kelso and had a little argument with him. I rather guess he came in for the short end of it," replied the boy grimly.

Gil looked surprised, but said nothing further on the subject.

"The shovel seems to be doing its duty well," said Don, after watching the machine and its work for a few minutes.

"Yes, it's a dandy, all right. By the way, we came near having an accident soon after you left—one that would have delayed us for a while."

"How was that?"

"One of the fishplates on the track here worked loose, and, oddly enough, the spikes that should have been placed in to hold that particular rail were found to be missing. The locomotive would have been derailed when she started ahead with the loaded cars had not Sinkey fortunately detected the trouble in time."

"It didn't strike you that this this might have been done designedly by one of the Italians when this section of track was relaid this morning, eh?"

Gil looked at his brother in a startled way.

"Why, of course not," he said. "What put that idea into your head?"

"I believe there's a man named Mike Rossi working in this gang, isn't there?" said Don, regarding his brother intently.

"Yes. Sinkey employed him a day or two go to replace one of the Italians who left rather suddenly and without giving notice."

"Very well. You want to have Rossi closely watched from this out."

"Do you suspect——" began Gil.

"I have information to the effect that he was sent here by Newman to do as much damage to us as he could without getting caught at it."

"Hadn't he better be discharged at once?"

"No. I have an object in keeping him. Of course he doesn't know that we're on to him, and it is probable that we shall be able to spot him at some of his funny business. It is more than likely that he is responsible for the loosening of the fishplate and the absence of the spikes."

"I'll have a talk with Sinkey on the subject," said Gil. "He's got a pretty sharp eye. There isn't much that escapes him."

"All right; I'll leave the matter with you. I'm

going down to inspect what Al Boggs and his men are doing."

Soon after work stopped for the day Gil walked into the office on Main street, and found his brother clicking a letter off on the typewriter.

"Gee! I'm tired, all right," said the boy, throwing himself on one of the leather-covered chairs with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Nothing fresh to report, I suppose?" said Don, without stopping the deft movement of his fingers, which were now puffed and swollen after the fight under the shadow of the cliff.

"No. Sinkey has got a man he can trust to keep tab on Rossi's movements during the day, while Mike Doyle, our watchman, will have an eye out for him after dark."

"That's right," nodded the real head of the firm, as he drew the finished letter out of the machine and glanced over it before affixing his signature.

"To-morrow is our first pay-day on the work, and I'm bound to say I feel encouraged with the way the job is progressing," said Gil, with a lazy smile.

"Yes, everything is running nicely," admitted Don, as he folded the letter and enclosed it in the addressed envelope. "By the way, here is a letter from the carriage company. One of their representatives will be over to-morrow to inspect the site I have offered them."

"It will be some time before it's filled in."

"That doesn't cut any ice. They want to see how far it is from the proposed freight yard. Then the vice-president is going to interview the general manager of the D. P. & Q. with reference to the laying down of a spur track into the property. They want to ship direct from the new factory to the cars."

"I guess they'll get what they want if their business justifies it."

"Well, I understand it's the biggest carriage works in the State."

"We ought to make a good thing out of that deal if it goes through."

"I can't see any reason why it shouldn't go through. It's an ideal spot for their business."

"It was a bright idea of yours to buy that ground, which did not look to be good for anything. Newman won't be pleased to hear of this little coup."

"Newman won't be pleased with a good many things before we got through with the railroad contract," said Don grimly.

"I'm sure he calculates on doing us up. He was standing at the door of his office as I came along, and he favored me with one of his sarcastic smiles that mean a heap in their way. I heard he is preparing to put in a bid on the new sewer authorized at a recent meeting of the town council."

"He's welcome to it. He needs the work, if he can get it. All I ask of him is to keep his hands off our affairs. If he should have any dirty trick brought him to him he's likely to find himself behind bars. I'm going to take every precaution to head off any crooked work on the part of that crowd. What I gave Jim Kelso to-day is a sample of how I treat brutes of his caliber."

"By the way, you haven't told me how you came to have the mix-up with him this afternoon."

Whereupon Don told his brother the whole story of his meeting with blind Nellie, her warning of premeditated foul play on the part of the Newman crowd, Kelso's unexpected appearance on the scene, and what led up to the row.

"Such fellows as he are the scum of the earth," said Gil, "and I hope you knocked some sense into his thick head."

"I'm afraid he's a hopeless case. You can't make a silk purse out of a swine's ear. He'll never be any different than what he is, though he may haul in his horns more frequently than has been his custom."

"He looks to me as if he possessed a certain low cunning which finds its best opportunity in the dark."

"He certainly won't tackle either one of us hereafter in the open. His proper habitat is the State prison, and it's a wonder to me he hasn't fetched up there long before this."

"He'll get there, if in the meantime he doesn't do something that'll put his head inside a noose."

"Do you know, Gil, that I can't get that blind girl out of my head? Strange, isn't it, that as long as she's lived down yonder with the Kelsos I should only have seen her but once before yesterday, and both occasions resulted in a muss with a member of that family."

"Why, I've never seen her at all. They keep her pretty close, I guess."

"There's some mystery in it, you can take my word for it," remarked Don, nodding his head sagely.

"What sort of a girl is she?" asked his brother curiously.

"What sort?" replied Don. "Any description I might give wouldn't do her justice. You know once on a time, long ago, you and I used to speculate on the personality of the angels as we saw them in religious pictures. They seemed to be largely of the feminine gender, as I remember it. Well, Nellie is as close a realization of what an angel is, or ought to be, as I could express the idea."

"You excite my curiosity, Don. I will certainly have to catch sight of her and see if we can agree on that point as we do on most everything else," smiled Gil.

"I'm afraid you won't find that an easy matter. The Kelsos have us marked. Besides, they'll be skittish lest the girl may hear something of the schemes they propose to put in force against the new line and find means of putting us on our guard against them."

"I dare say you're right."

"Whatever influence they bring to bear on the girl, it seems effective enough to serve their purpose. She clearly stands in great fear of them; otherwise, I'm sure she would have given them the slip long ago, since she needn't go any further than this town to find people whose sympathies would easily be enlisted in her behalf. It's a great pity she's in their clutches, and I shall not rest easy until I see if something cannot be done to break the connection."

And it was clear that Don meant every word he said. At that moment the telephone bell rang and Don walked over to the instrument.

"Hello!" he said, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Yes," he added in reply to some question.

"What's that?" he exclaimed a moment later, in some excitement.

"Well, do the best you can. I'll be right out," and he hung up the receiver.

"What's the matter?" asked Gil.

"One of the buildings out at the cut has caught fire," replied Don hurriedly, "and Phil Mead thinks it's liable to prove serious."

Don seized his hat and was half way across the street to the stable where he kept his horse.

CHAPTER V.—More Trouble.

A few minutes later Don was dashing down the street on his way to the scene of the reported trouble. As soon as he cleared the town he made out a quantity of smoke rising into the air from the direction of the cut. He put his horse to his best pace and rapidly covered the three miles which intervened.

"If this is a trick of the enemy," he muttered between his clenched lips, "there's going to be trouble for some one."

Before Don had gone half the distance the smoke, which had been quite heavy at first, began to clear away. As there was no sign of flames the boy began to feel encouraged.

"I guess Mead and the Italians have managed to gain control of the fire in time to save the building."

And such he found to be the fact when he reached the ground.

"The laborers were at their supper when I noticed a suspicious-looking glare through one of the upper windows of the place where the men bunk," explained Mead, the man in charge of the stationary engine. "I hurried upstairs and found one of the closets all ablaze and the fire breaking out through the roof. I pitched the three hand extinguishers that hung against the wall into the closet; but there was something wrong with two of them, for only one broke, and that had but a momentary effect on the fire. I then rushed for the metal extinguisher downstairs, routing out the men and forming them into a bucket brigade on the way. As matters looked decidedly shaky, I thought I'd try and reach you over the private wire if I could. I am glad to say that the big extinguisher and the laborers, who hustled for all they were worth, put us out of danger before matters got beyond control. You'd better go up and look at it. There's a hole in the roof as big as the head of a small tank, and you might back a freight car into the upper northeast corner of the building if the hole were on the ground floor."

Don looked the damage over, and saw that it could be easily and quickly put to rights again, and he felt very much relieved to find that the trouble was no worse. He telephoned the facts to his brother, and asked him to arrange to have a couple of carpenters and necessary materials out at the cut the first thing in the morning. Then he asked Mead if he had any suspicions as to how the fire started.

"No, sir; I can't say as I have."

The same question was put to Mike Doyle, the night watchman. He shook his head.

"I have orders to keep me eye on that Rossi:

but I can't be in half a dozen places at once. When the alarm was given I noticed he was eating supper with the rest of the Italians, so I don't think he had anything to do with the fire."

"Well, it's very singular," remarked Don. "I examined the remains of the closet thoroughly, and there seems to be a strong smell of kerosene mixed with the odor of burned wood. Now, there should not be any kerosene out here."

"Not a drop, sir. As ye are aware, we use signal oil altogether for the lamps, and sure that has a different smell from kerosene."

"Evidently a deliberate attempt has been made to destroy the building," said the young engineer, knitting his brows. "You'll have to keep a brighter lookout than ever. Remember to report at once the slightest suspicious movement on the part of that man Rossi. But don't let him get the idea that he's watched."

"All right, sir; ye kin depend on me."

Don then returned to Lakeview. That night Mike Doyle found an empty can, which had undoubtedly recently held kerosene oil, in a clump of bushes fifty feet from the laborers' quarters, and he reported the fact to Gil Winthrop when he appeared at the cut in the morning, showing him the can.

"It certainly points strongly to the fire being of incendiary origin," said Gil. "But it is a poor clue to detect the rascal who brought it out here."

Everything went swimmingly for a week on the railroad job, and pay-day came around again. Rossi was observed to be pretty thick with the men, but beyond that there was no fault to be found with him. He was constantly shadowed, for Don Winthrop had resolved to take no chances. Most contractors would probably have got rid of the Italian on general principles, but Don had an idea that if he caught the fellow in any crooked work he might be able to frighten him into a confession, which would implicate whoever was behind the man, thus striking an effective blow at the conspirators who were working against him in the dark.

Gil paid off the men at the proper time. There were thirty-six Italians in the different gangs, and about the time he had finished all of them went in to supper as usual. Without the slightest suspicion that anything out of the ordinary was brewing, the boy started back to town. He put up the horse and buggy and joined his brother at the office preparatory to going home for dinner. They had their hats on and were going out of the door, when the telephone jingled. Don, as usual, answered the call. The news that came over the wire from Mike Doyle was that every laborer on the job had taken his bag and lit out as soon as the crowd had finished their meal.

"By Jove," exclaimed Don, in a tone of disgust, "if this isn't enough to make a man mad! This thing happens just at the moment I was preparing to put on an extra spurt."

"What's up now, Don?" asked Gil, from the doorway.

"More trouble," responded his bother.

"Anything happened to the machinery?" asked Gil, in an anxious voice.

"No, nothing of the sort."

"What, then?"

"All of our laborers have deserted us in a body."

"The dickens you say!" replied Gil.

"That's the news Doyle sends over the 'phone."

"Then we're at a complete standstill."

"That's about the size of it. Of course, this is Newman's work, and it seems to be pretty evident Rossi has engineered the break-up. Some strong inducement must have been offered the men to quit. We have treated them well, and I haven't heard a squeal from them since they went to work for us."

"We'll have to advertise for new men, of course," said Gil, with a frown.

"We'll have to get them somehow. It's lucky I engaged twenty extra men yesterday from Pittsburg. They were for the fourth gang I intended to put to work beyond the cut. I sent Joe Sinkey on to-night to meet them at Glendale. He will have a couple of wagons and fetch them over the first thing in the morning. This will give us a lift; otherwise we should have come to a dead stop."

"I forgot all about the new men," said Gil, brightening up. "Newman won't have such a laugh on us, after all."

"Sit down a moment. I'm going to call up Pittsburg on the long-distance 'phone and order another batch of laborers, if they are to be got offhand. If not, I'll connect with that Italian paper in New York and put in another advertisement."

"I'd give something to know what Newman is going to do with the crowd he took away from us to-night. I haven't heard that he's started any fresh job."

"He might put them to work on the road across the lake," suggested Don, while waiting for the connection to be made with Pittsburg, "and so hurry the job along."

"Well, I'll bet this low-down trick will cost him something in the way of a bonus. He'll have to make good whatever inducements Rossi held out to them, else you'll see them trooping back and begging to be taken on again."

Ten minutes later Don hung up the receiver with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Zotorello has promised to send on thirty-five additional laborers at once," he said to his brother; "so we shall not lose so very much over this wholesale desertion."

"Glad to hear it. I was afraid I wouldn't have any appetite for my dinner," said Gil, with a cheerful smile. "On the whole, I'm glad to get rid of Rossi. He's one of the slickest rascals I ever came across, and I never felt that things were exactly safe while he was about."

"He hasn't done so much harm, when you come to look at it."

"He was watched too closely for that."

"I dare say he got on to that fact, and the card he worked to-night was about the only safe trick he dared spring on us."

"And that has practically failed of the desired result."

"We shall know better about that in the morning."

And they did, for about seven the next morning, while the boys were at breakfast, a dispatch was delivered at the house from Joe Sinkey, who

was in Glendale. It was to the effect that he had been arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct just as the train came in, and was locked up—evidently a put-up job to corral the new laborers and spirit them away.

"Well, that's tough," remarked Don, tossing the dispatch over to his brother. "It's plain I'll have to go to Glendale."

CHAPTER VI.—Blocking the Enemy.

Don Winthrop took the morning boat down the lake, arriving at Glendale about ten o'clock. He found Sinkey had just been discharged for lack of evidence. At the railroad station not one of the imported laborers from Pittsburg was in sight.

"How did it happen?" asked the young engineer of his foreman.

"I hardly know myself," explained Sinkey. "I reached here last evening about nine with the wagons, and put up at the Glendale House. I was called at 4.30 and had the wagons here waiting for the train due at 5.45. I heard the whistle of the locomotive at Parson's bridge, and walked forward to while I supposed the smoker would pull up, when without warning I was suddenly surrounded by at least a dozen men, and found myself hustled off the platform and down the street, the center of what appeared to be a free fight. Somebody fetched an officer, and the crowd scattered like magic. The policeman arrested me, in spite of my urgent protest, and I was locked up. The magistrate discharged me as soon as I was brought before him and had stated my side of the case. He also reprimanded the office for making the arrest. There is not any doubt in my mind that the Newman crowd found out we expected the Italians, and put up the job to euchre us out of them."

Don was evidently of the same opinion. His eyes flashed and he set his jaws together with a snap.

"Newman has scored a couple of points on me, but I'll give him all the fight he wants before I get through with him. If he imagines that he can stop me on this railroad contract and prevent me finishing it on time he's got another think coming."

"His crowd have got away with the men, all right," said Sinkey, dejectedly.

"I'm going to find out where they've gone," answered Don, in a determined tone. "I don't propose to stand for it if I can help it."

He questioned the two drivers who had come over from Lakeview with Joe Sinkey. They were hanging around the station awaiting developments.

"Quite a crowd of men got off on the platform as soon as the train came in," spoke up one of the drivers. "They stood around chattering and gesticulating like a lot of cats in a strange garret. Miggs and me, of course, looked for Sinkey to round them up and load 'em aboard the teams. But the first thing we knew three or four chaps came up, spoke to 'em in their own lingo, and started them in a procession down the track as soon as the train pulled out. That's the last we've seen of 'em."

"In what direction?" asked Don.

"That way," and the driver waved his hand toward the north end of the lake.

The young engineer thought a moment; then he got busy.

"You're acquainted in Glendale," he said to the foreman. "I suppose you could drum up half a dozen stout chaps who wouldn't mind a little strenuous exercise if well paid for it?"

"I can get 'em in ten minutes," replied Sinkey. "Do so, then."

Within a quarter of an hour Joe returned with seven stalwart fellows. He lined them up before his boss, who made them an offer for their services, and explained to them what might be expected of them in an emergency. They accepted Don's proposition with alacrity.

"Get aboard these wagons, then," ordered the boys tersely.

They obeyed like a lot of young colts. Don joined the driver of the leading vehicle and directed him to move down the road beside the track at a lively gait.

"They have four hours the start of us, and will probably have reached their destination before we can catch up with them. All the same, there will be something doing if I can locate them, even if I have to go into the midst of the enemy's camp," said he.

A long, dusty ride of two hours followed, with nothing to vary the monotony of the trip. Then a sudden turn in the road brought them unexpectedly into the presence of a score of Italian laborers squatted in the shade of a line of trees. Five men, not Italians, were gathered in a knot a little distance away, talking and smoking, while a whisky flask passed from mouth to mouth. Apparently the five were feeling uncommonly good.

"Those are our men for a nickel!" said Don, turning in his seat and shouting back to Sinkey.

"They look like the fellows I saw on the platform," nodded the driver. "But I am not sure, for all Italians look alike to me."

All hands prepared for action, and as the wagons drew up before the outfit under the trees Sinkey's boys tumbled out into the road and awaited order.

"Hello! What's all this mean?" demanded the leader of the party, as Don stepped down from his perch beside the driver.

He knew well enough what it meant without asking, but of course he and his associates were prepared to resist the efforts of the young engineer to recover his imported laborers.

"I came after these men," replied Don, curtly, "and I'm going to take them back to Glendale with me."

"You are like fun!" returned the man, insolently.

"Well, you heard what I said," said Don, with fire in his eyes. "These Italians came down here to work on the railroad. I hired them in Pittsburg. You and your pals were sent to Glendale to steal them away, and you succeeded, after a fashion. Now I propose to recover them. Peaceably, if I can—by force if necessary."

"You can't bulldoze me in that fashion!" snorted the leader of the opposition.

Then he rushed to the Italians, but found Sinkey talking to the men in their native language.

The foreigners were all on their feet, jabbering like a tree full of monkeys. They stared awkwardly about, not in the least comprehending the situation. Sinkey ordered the laborers to get into the wagons, and some of them started to obey. Evidently they were tired of walking, and a ride had its allurements. More followed, in spite of the protests of the opposition, and things seemed to be going Don's way. This angered the Irishman who was the emissary of Andrew Newman, and he suddenly struck Sinkey and knocked him down. Joe jumped to his feet and went for him. The others came up to help their companion. Don's seven supporters headed them off, and a general mix-up ensued, to the amusement of the laborers, all of whom had now obtained points of vantage on the wagons. The scrap was not long for duration, for the Newman crowd was clearly outgeneralled and outnumbered.

"You haven't heard the last of this!" roared the man who headed the opposition bunch, shaking his fist at Don Winthrop when his adherents gave up the fight.

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," replied the boy, sententiously. "I know you're Mike Mullen, Andrew Newman's foreman on the road work, and I want you to tell your boss that if he continues to look for trouble in our direction he'll get into it, right up to his neck."

With these words he mounted beside the driver of the first team.

"Yah!" snarled Mullen, picking up a stone and making a motion to fling it at the young engineer.

Don was down in an instant. He walked straight up to the fellow, and looking him in the eye, said:

"Maybe you've heard how I treated your friend Jim Kelso last week. That's how I deal with scum of your sort. Do you understand? Put down that stone, or I won't leave a whole bone in your body!"

Mullen drew back, thoroughly cowed. He had not heard anything about Kelso being knocked out by Don. Jim was not such a fool as to spread the news about. But Newman's confidential foreman bore signs, too evident to be mistaken, of having been through a serious scrap with somebody; and Mullen had heard more than one say that Don Winthrop was a scientific slugger of no mean order. Where he would have called one of his own set a liar on the spot, he accepted the boy's statement without question. If this young engineer could whip Jim Kelso, he knew better than to invite a scrap on his own account. So he turned on his heel with a smothered oath, and motioning to his companions, the crowd started off down the road.

CHAPTER VII.—Struck Down.

Work was resumed next morning at the cut, and, in a small way, all along the line. Don had already been advised that thirty-five laborers had left Pittsburgh en route for Lakeview. This time he determined to take no chances with them, so he went over to Glendale by boat and took an early afternoon train for Fairfax, where

he expected to connect with the train carrying the Italians. On reaching Fairfax he found he had nearly an hour to wait for the train on which he had been advised that the Italians would come. He noticed a man in a light suit talking to the station agent. He was not a pleasant-looking man, and in the light of what had happened to his other consignment of laborers, Don suspected that the fellow was there for no good purpose, probably to intercept the gang of Italians he was waiting for himself. Whether or not that was his mission, the boy determined to keep an eye out for trouble. After taking a good look at the man, so he'd know him again, Don decided to kill time by inspecting the steel trestle-work bridge which spanned the river on the outskirts of the town. He had heard that it was a mighty well-built bridge, just wide enough to carry a double track, and as he was interested in everything connected with the building of railroad lines, he was glad of the present chance to look it over.

So he started off along the tracks toward the river. The stranger, who had been covertly watching him, broke away from the agent and followed him. Don did not observe this action of his, for he was not expecting anything of the kind. The man did not try to overtake him, but kept a certain distance between them, as if he merely wished to find out why the boy was walking out toward the bridge. Don did not look behind, and in fifteen minutes reached the bridge. After carefully inspecting that end of it, he walked out on the rails, not aware that an express, which did not stop at Fairfax, was due to pass the bridge in a few minutes. Although there was no reason why he need be run down, even if caught on the middle of the bridge, as he could step to the other track if he was walking on the ties over which the express would dash, still it was no pleasant thing to be exposed to the wind and suction of a train going at a fifty-mile clip. When he started across the trestle the stranger began to close up the space between them. Don had reached the middle of the bridge when he saw the man coming. He recognized him as the party he had seen at the station.

"I wonder if he's up to any mischief?" thought the boy.

He stopped to let the chap go by, but instead of doing so the fellow halted beside him.

"Your name is Don Winthrop?" he said, abruptly.

"Yes," replied the young contractor.

"You have come to Fairfax to meet a bunch of Italians you expect from Pittsburgh?"

"How do you know that?" said Don.

"That's my business. You won't meet them."

"No? Who will stop me?"

"I will," replied the man just as the shrill whistle of the express sounded a short way off.

The whistle startled Don and he turned around. The rascal grabbed the boy and flung himself from the trestle. With a mighty roar the train rushed over the spot both had been occupying a moment before. Down plunged the young contractor and his foe toward the river below. Don's legs caught in a steel brace half-way down and his flight was arrested, but the man lost his grip on the boy's arm and fell into the river, which

carried him under the bridge and out of sight. Don lost no time in swinging himself upon the brace, and straddling it. He looked for the man and saw him buffeting with the river a hundred feet away. He was swimming for the opposite bank, with every chance of reaching it. It was easy for Don to climb up to the rails, and paying no further attention to the fellow he started back for the station. He saw no more of him. Half an hour later the Pittsburgh train stopped at Fairfax. Don boarded it and found the Italians in the smoking-car. Don alternated between the platform and a seat near the door. He had to keep on the watch, as the train, which was a local, made frequent stops. He could not tell but another agent of Andrew Newman might make his appearance at any moment and try to coax the laborers to light out for parts unknown. However, nothing of that kind occurred during the run to Glendale, and so Don got his men aboard the steamer and up to Lakeview all right. And now work progressed with more rapidity than ever before. During the ensuing month great progress was made at the cut and along the road between that point and Lakeview. A new gang was put to work under a man named Farrell. They were grading the line between the upper end of the spur of the hill and the cliff where the tunnel was to be bored. Everything was running smoothly, and Don had begun to hope that Newman had finally concluded to keep his hands off.

"Nothing like handling men of his stamp without gloves," he said to his brother one day, when he felt in a particularly happy frame of mind over the situation.

"That's right," agreed Gil, with a boyish grin.

"Mr. Harley seems perfectly satisfied with the work as far as it has gone," said Don, in a contented tone.

Mr. Harley was the engineer in charge of the D. P. & Q., and he had just been over that part of the line under construction. Don had all his carts at work, either clearing the land between the right-of-way boundaries or carting the waste excavation taken out above where the shovel was employed in the cut. Trees and brush had to be cut close to the surface of the ground and then burned or otherwise disposed of. The excavated soil was taken down to the lake and dumped in the spot where the boys proposed to build their summer hotel.

"Next week," Don went on, "I'll have the drills down here, and we'll make a beginning on the cliff rock."

Gil nodded as the idea struck him favorably. He liked to see things humming at all points.

"How about the factory people and the carriage site? We are filling in the ground fast now, and it is beginning to look something like a plot. I thought the vice-president was coming over this morning?"

"Didn't I mention the fact to you? No? Well, he was at the office at eleven o'clock, according to appointment. He handed me a check for \$500 and took a sixty-day option on the property. It's practically a sale. We paid only \$800 for the ground as it then stood. Our profit will be over \$4,000, and we shall not have held it over four months at the outside."

Gil's eyes sparkled.

"All things come to those who have long heads—meaning you, for I never would have thought of that scheme."

"Well, it's all in the firm, Gil," replied Don, patting his brother affectionately on the back. "By the way, have you managed to catch sight of Nellie yet?"

Gil shook his head.

"No; I was on the top of the cliff this morning, within a stone's throw of the Kelso cottage, but she was not to be seen."

"I guessed as much," said his brother, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "But I must say I am disappointed. I wanted to hear how she was doing. I don't trust Jim Kelso for a red cent. He's capable of a whole lot of villainy."

"A woman, whom I judged to be Mrs. Kelso, piped me off, all right. She's got a face that would turn milk sour on sight."

"I dare say she's well worthy of Jim. It makes my blood boil to think that poor girl is under the thumb of such a couple—not to speak of Jerry, who is capable of browbeating the life out of her."

"It certainly is a shame," admitted Gil; "but I don't see that we have any right to interfere."

"Well, I've got some directions to give Farrell," said Don, preparing to mount his horse. "I'll see you on my way back."

"You had better hurry, then, for it looks like rain."

"Pooh! A little water won't hurt me," laughed the boy, as he gave his animal the rein.

There was a trail running around the spur of the hill through which the cut was being excavated. This came close to the margin of the lake at one spot, and then made a detour along the base of the hills in the direction of the cliff. Don cantered along without paying any attention to the ominous appearance of the heavens, which threatened a good shower, if not worse. To say the truth, he was thinking of blind Nellie. He was wondering how things were going with her since the day he knocked Jim Kelso out under the cliff. The boy was far more interested in the beautiful and unfortunate girl than he was willing to admit to himself. As he approached the curve in the trail near the lake it began to rain a bit. This aroused him, and he urged his animal to a more rapid pace. The clouds seemed to be closing in on the landscape, which took on a particularly dreary aspect. There was nothing to be seen but the leaden-colored water on the one side. The brush-covered hills were on the other, the white face of the cliff coming into view in the distance. Don observed a stout boat drawn in close to the shore, and was somewhat surprised to see it there. The rain continued to fall at intervals until he came up with Farrell and his gang. A string of carts were plodding to and coming back from the lake shore. Farrell came up as soon as he saw him.

"Let me have your plan," said Don, alighting from his horse.

The foreman took it from his pocket.

"There's going to be some change here," said the boy, indicating the spot on the blue print. "Mr. Harley was speaking to me about it a while ago. The culvert over that little stream will go here, instead of there. The course of the waterway seems to have been altered a bit by the

late spring rains, and we have to provide for that by running the embankment a yard or so to the right. See?"

"I understand, sir."

Don spent three-quarters of an hour with Farrell, by which time it was beginning to grow dark.

"I'll be out here some time in the morning," said the young engineer, as he rode off, taking the trail back the way he came.

The rain, which had held off during his stay with the upper gang, now began to come down in earnest.

"It's plain that I'll be soaked before I get back to the cut," soliloquized Don.

He put the spurs to his horse and galloped along at a good pace. As the animal was taking the turn at the point nearest to the lake he suddenly shied, almost throwing the boy.

"Whoa, Prince!" he exclaimed, soothingly. "What's the matter, old boy?"

Then somebody sprang out of the gloom and seized the horse by the bridle. Two Italians appeared on the other side and grabbed hold of Don.

"Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed, striking at one with his short whip.

Something very like a big stone struck him on the head from behind, and he fell forward on his horse's neck unconscious.

Don was pulled out of the saddle and bound. He was carried to the water's edge and lifted into a boat which immediately started up the lake. He was taken to a small island in the centre of the lake. Don by this time had gained his senses and saw the predicament he was in. Don knew that the island was owned by Andrew Newman, and that there were stone quarries on it. He recognized Jim Kelso and an Italian by the name of Tony Gulla among his captors. Jerry Kelso was one of the party also. Don was conducted to a shanty belonging to one of the quarries and taken inside, when he was told to seat himself on a stool, with Jim Kelso opposite him. Don clearly saw that Jim was bossing the job.

CHAPTER VIII.—Face to Face With Death.

"I might as well tell you that Norman hasn't any hand in these proceedings," began Jim Kelso, seating himself on the corner of the table and eyeing his victim with undisguised satisfaction.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Don Winthrop. "I'd hate to think that a man in his position would so degrade himself as to connive with such scum as yourself and your crowd in such a dirty trick."

"Don't fool yerself. He's got it in for ye good and hard for stealing that railroad contract away from him. But this here affair is a personal matter between ye an' me, that's all. The boss woin't make no kick if he should happen to find out how I disposed of ye. Though I don't reckon he'll ever find out."

His words conveyed a sinister threat, and Don winced in spite of himself.

"What do you propose to do with me?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"I intend to have satisfaction for the score I owe ye," answered Kelso, with savage earnestness.

"I didn't give you any more than you deserved," said the boy, fearlessly.

"Yah!" snarled the ruffian, impatiently. "You did what no man ever done before—ye put me down and out with that blamed science of yours. I hate ye for it, and I mean to do ye up in a way that'll settle all arguments on the subject hereafter."

"You mean you've brought me over here to take it out of me with my hands tied so I can't defend myself. It's what I might expect from such as you."

"No, I don't mean no sich thing. I mean to make ye sweat in another way. Ye'll have jest long enough to say yer prayers before ye're wiped out for good an' all—do ye understand?"

"Do you intend to murder me?"

"Ke kin call it what ye like—I call it a short shift inter the next world," and the foreman glared vindictively at him.

"I suppose you know the consequences of such a crime?" said the boy, as coolly as could be expected under the circumstances.

"I don't keer nothin' about no consequences. I don't reckon there'll be any. None of us is goin' to lay his hands on ye. An accident will happen, that's all."

"An accident?" repeated the boy.

"That's what. You're in the disused quarry on Jumbo Island. When the men knocked off work to-day there was one can of nitro-glycerine left in the dynamite safe. I'm goin' to fetch that over here as company for ye after we leave. If it should happen to take a notion to go off by itself, why, ye'd go off with it, thet's all," and the rascal grinned sardonically.

Don thought he saw through the fiendish scheme, and it made him shudder. It was as cold-blooded a crime as could well be imagined.

"So ye see the consequences ye spoke about don't amount to nothin'. Ye'll be missed, thet's all. The papers'll have an account about an explosion at the quarry on Jumbo Island that blowed a shack of a house to little bits. Newman will come over and look the matter up to see who's ter blame. And I reckon thet's all there'll be to it."

"And you're going to take my life this way simply because I whipped you in a fair, stand-up fight?" and the boy's lips curled contemptuously.

"Yes, and because ye've been tryin' to get the inside track with that there gal of mine, Nellie. She ain't the same as she was afore she come to know ye. Ye've changed her—do ye understand—and that's one good reason why I intend to be rid of ye," and Jim Kelso showed his teeth with all the ferocity of a wild beast.

"You're a coward and a cur, Jim Kelso. Mark my words, the day will come when you'll wish that this night's work was blotted from your memory."

"Don't ye believe it, Mr. Winthrop. I shan't never feel sorry for wipin' ye off ther earth."

With these words he slipped off the table and walked out the door. He was gone a short time.

When he returned he had a hammer, a small steel hook, and several yards of stout cord. He

mounted the table, drove the hook into the ceiling, and then tried it to see if it was firm.

"Fetch me a good-sized rock," he said to his son, as he passed the cord over the hook.

Jerry went outside and hunted up one which weighed about forty pounds. Jim tied one end of the cord securely about it, pulled it up to the ceiling, and securing the other end of the cord to a hook in the wall an inch or so above a small shelf, left the stone to dangle in the air. Don watched this performance with some curiosity. What did it mean? Kelso then held a whispered confab with the Italians. Then the three came over to the young engineer, seized him and bound him down on top of the table. While they were doing this Jerry brought in a flat stone and placed it directly under the rock which hung above. The table with the prisoner was turned on its side, and Don's body brought close to the flat stone. All hands then left the building, and when the sounds of their footsteps died away in the distance there was absolute silence in and around the shanty, the rain having ceased entirely. Don turned his gaze at the hanging rock, then down at the flat rock, and then at the end of the cord, alongside of which Kelso had placed the three-inch piece of candle. Whatever infernal arrangement this was he could not understand it. If it was intended that the rock should fall in some way he could not see what damage that would do, beyond giving him a shake-up. Was this, after all, some practical joke on Jim Kelso's part? Did he imagine such a clumsy contrivance would create a mysterious fear in the young contractor's breast? Don almost smiled at such an idea. But hark! He heard footsteps again outside. Presently Jim Kelso entered the building, carrying with the utmost care a can which the boy instantly recognized as a receptacle for nitro-glycerine. Instantly the meaning of all these preparations flashed through his brain, and the blood fairly congealed around his heart. The devilish ingenuity of the man was appalling. He placed the can softly on the floor, and after a glance at the candle on the shelf he spoke.

"Ye've been long enough in the business ter recognize what this can contains," he said, with a horrid grin at Don. "I'm going to place it on that flat stone within a foot of yer head—see? Ye'll have half an hour or so ter live, Mr. Winthrop. By keepin' yer eye on that candle ye kin count yer span of life. As soon as the flame touches the cord it'll begin to burn it. The weakenin' of mebbe a single strand will be enough to cause the weight of that hangin' stone to snap it short off. What then? I reckon I don't need ter tell an eddicated feller like ye what'll take place when the rock hits the can of nitro-glycerine."

"You're a fiend!" cried Don, the sweat gathering in big drops on his forehead.

"I see ye're beginnin' ter wilt already," snickered the man.

"That's where you're mistaken, Jim Kelso. I may have to die, but you'll never be able to pay under any circumstances that I took water from such a reptile as you."

"Yah! I might have given ye a chance for yer life, but now——"

"That's a lie, and you know it! You never intended to give me half a chance."

"That's right, drat ye, I didn't. I hate ye so that I'd like to brain ye with a rock, if this wasn't more certain and 'll leave no trace behind."

The foreman, fairly livid with passion, shook his clenched fist at the pinioned boy.

"And now good-night to ye. Here's yer through ticket ter perdition, with no stop-over checks."

Thus speaking, Jim Kelso cautiously placed the can of nitro-glycerine on the flat rock, and then quickly retreated to the door.

"Better begin' sayin' yer prayers, Mr. Winthrop," he said, sneeringly, as he stood with one foot on the sill. "There ain't more'n half an inch of candle between ye and ther nitro-glycerine."

Then he vanished into the darkness and the night, and Don heard the crunching of his thick boots on the gravel grow fainter and fainter, till at last the sound grew fainter and fainter, till Don Winthrop, the young contractor, was left alone, with death!

CHAPTER IX.—Saved by Love.

"Must I die like this?" groaned Don, as he strained unavailingly at the rope which held him with the grip of a vise to the table.

Then his eyes rested with a kind of fascination upon the sealed can of nitro-glycerine which stood within a foot of his face. The contents of that can would easily blow the building and everything it contained to small fragments. And Don began to wonder if, after all, that would not be an easy death.

"I'll never know what hit me, at any rate. It will be all over in a flash."

Just the same, the very idea of such a death was truly horrible. It aroused him to make a fresh effort to free himself, which proved just as ineffectual as the other. Jim Kelso and the Italians had done their work only too well. Already ten minutes of the fateful half hour estimated by Kelso as representing his span of life had passed away. Don glanced at the candle on the shelf, which was leaning slightly against the cord, and saw with a shudder that the flame had drawn perceptibly nearer the strands, the severance of which meant the end of all things, as far as he was concerned. Outside the clouds had gone into the northwest and the full moon was out in all its glory. At this moment it was rising above the summit of the quarry, and its rays began to shine in at the open window, bathing the boy's head and shoulders in a flood of light. Suddenly Don thought he heard the sound of a light footstep without. The tension of the situation had made his hearing unusually acute. He listened with a desperate eagerness, mingled with a thrill of hope. The sound was repeated, this time nearer. The silence had hitherto been so profound that there could be no mistake but that something or some one was moving about the quarry. Summoning all his energies, Don shouted:

"Help! Help!"

Instantly there was a quick pattering on the

gravel and then the slight noise of something striking against the outside of the building.

"Help! Help!" repeated the young engineer, with a fearful glance up at the burning candle and the cord on which his life hung.

Almost instantly a shadow cut off the ray of moonlight shining in at the door, and a soft voice which the boy readily recognized called out:

"Don Winthrop, are you in there?"

"Heavens!" gasped Don. "It is Nellie!"

"Don—Don Winthrop!"

"Quick, Nellie!" cried the boy, almost sharply. "If you would save my life, come to me here. Follow the sound of my voice."

The blind girl entered the room and came toward him as straight as a die. Don watched every step she took with the greatest of anxiety.

"Stop where you are!" he called peremptorily. The girl stopped as ordered.

"Advance one step more," he said quickly.

She obeyed.

"Kneel down!" he ordered.

She did so.

"Stretch out your right hand slowly—that's right. Move it to the left till you feel a can that's standing there. Grasp it by the handle and draw it toward you gently. For heaven's sake, don't let it jar against that rock, or even the boards of the floor—it contains nitro-glycerine."

"I know it," said the girl, calmly taking hold of the can.

Nellie, with a precision that was truly marvelous, carried the can of deadly explosive outside of the shanty and then returned. The candle flame was now flickering close to the cord.

"Put your left hand on the wall, Nellie," directed the young contractor. "Now walk quickly along till I say 'stop.'"

She followed his order to the letter, and came to a halt within reach of the shelf.

"Raise your hand higher, and you will feel a shelf. Right. Remove the candle you find there."

The flame blew across the cord as she took the candle away.

"Now come here," he said, and she obeyed him, holding the lighted candle in her hand.

"I am securely tied at a table which has been turned on its side. Unless you have a knife you must burn the cord which holds me to the table."

"I have not a knife," she said, as she extended her disengaged hand and felt for the rope, which had been passed a number of times around Don's body.

Then she carefully brought the flame of the candle to bear on the strands of the thin rope, and having severed the line in one place, she dexterously managed to release the boy from his bonds, and he rolled over on his face.

"My hands are tied separately," he said.

Once more she brought the candle's flame to bear on the rope, which she burned through without so much as scorching his skin. Don then shook himself free of this fetters, and rising to his knees, flung his arms about the blind girl and pressed her to his breast.

"Nellie, it is over! You have saved my life!"

The girl's head fell upon his shoulder, and she hung a limp, dead weight in his arms. He looked

into her face. It was as pale as marble and her eyes were closed.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "She has fainted!"

CHAPTER X.—Sealed Lips.

Springing to his feet and taking Nellie in his arms, Don hurried outside. He soon found a pool of rain water, with which he began to bathe the girl's face copiously, while he alternately chafed her hands and wrists. This rude method of bringing an unconscious person to their senses fortunately speedily prevailed in this instance, and Nellie opened her eyes.

"Don Winthrop," she murmured.

"Yes, Nellie!"

"You are safe, are you not?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, thanks to you. Now you must tell me how you came to be here on Jumbo Island, a mile from the cliff where you live. I cannot understand how a blind girl like you could reach this spot all by yourself. And it looks to me as if you knew I was in trouble, and that you came over to aid me."

"Yes," she said, with a shudder. "I had reason to believe your life was in danger. I overheard Mr. Kelso and two Italians, named Gulla and Rossi, plan to cut you off this afternoon when you came out to the men you have at the side of the hill where you're making the cut. Your movements have been watched for days. They had a boat in waiting to take you to the island after dark. I heard Mr. Kelso tell the others how he meant to rig the nitro-glycerine trap so as to add acute torture to your last hours, while at the same time this would remove every trace of the terrible crime they contemplated."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Don.

"No one could ever guess what I have suffered since this awful scheme impressed itself upon my mind. I was locked in my room—indeed. I have not been allowed to leave the house since that afternoon Mr. Kelso discovered us together at the foot of the cliff."

"Did the rascal dare ill-treat you on his return to the cottage that day?"

"He swore at and threatened me, and ordered Mother Kelso to lock me up and never let me out of her sight when I was not in my room."

"Thank goodness, he's abused you for the last time. This job will place him, as well as his confederates, including his precious son, where they won't be able to trouble the community for some time to come. Go on, Nellie."

"This afternoon was selected because it was gloomy and threatened rain. Mr. Kelso said it would just suit his purpose. At four o'clock Gulla, who had been on the watch somewhere along the path which runs around the hills near the lake, came to the cottage and told Mr. Kelso that you had come out, and was talking to the foreman of the gang of workmen. The three men, accompanied by Jerry, immediately left the house, and then I knew you were in great danger. As it became darker and started to rain, I grew desperate at the thought of the peril you were facing. I believe it was largely because of the interest you had shown in me that Mr. Kelso had come to hate you. It was impossible

for me to get out of the room by way of the door. Even had I been able to do that, I should have been caught by Mother Kelso. At last I could stand the strain no longer. I opened the window and managed to push myself through, dropping to the ground. I then made my way to the foot of the cliff, clambered over the rocks on the edge of the lake, and ran as fast as I could to the house of Widow Meiggs, who lives on the lake shore nearly a mile from the cliff. I knew she owned a boat and was friendly to me. She readily agreed to let her son row me over to this island when I explained that it was of the utmost importance. The chance that Mr. Kelso and his companions were perhaps on the island at the moment of our arrival was a risk I had to face. I could only depend on Willie's watchfulness and my own sense of hearing. Willie guided me to the quarries. I tried this one first, leaving him at the entrance to watch."

"I shudder to think that you might have come just in time to share my fate. Do you realize the awful risk you ran to save me? Do you understand that the matter of ten minutes would have made all the difference in the world? Such courage as you, a mere girl, and blind at that, have exhibited fairly staggers me. And I am almost a stranger to you."

"No, not a stranger," she said, placing her hand on his arm. "Don't say that," she added, with an earnestness almost mournful in its intensity. "Have you not brought all this trouble on yourself because you interfered in my behalf? I would rather have died here with you than not have made this effort to defeat the terrible purpose of those wicked men."

"Nellie," said Don, with great emotion, "what you have done for me to-night is quite beyond me ever to repay. You have won my lifelong gratitude, as well as that of my mother and brother. You shall come to my mother's house and live with us."

"I cannot," she cried, with a little cry of despair.

"Cannot! What do you mean? Don't you know that this attempted crime on the part of Jim Kelso will land both him and his son in the State prison for a long term? As to Mother Kelso, as you call her, you surely would not wish to return and experience further abuse at her hands?"

Nellie buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"I must go back," she said, piteously. "I must."

Don looked at her in astonishment.

"Look here, Nellie! what's at the bottom of your connection with these Kelsos?"

"Please don't ask me," she replied, pleadingly.

"But I want to know," he insisted. "If ever a girl needed a good friend and protector I think you do at this moment. You have just saved my life, and the least I can do in return is to save you from the influences which have hitherto surrounded you. With Jim Kelso and his son out of the way, what have you to fear? Mrs. Kelso could not make you return to her against your will. My mother, my brother and myself will protect you against any harm or trouble if you will only make your home with us in the future."

"I am very grateful to you, Don Winthrop," she answered. "It would make me very happy if I could accept your offer; but——"

"But what?" asked the young engineer impatiently as she paused.

"I cannot. I must go back to Mother Kelso, no matter what happens to Mr. Kelso."

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes, which had no sign of blindness in them, to his face, and her lips quivered.

"I must not," she answered, in a tone which left him no hope of unraveling through her secret which he could not fathom.

"Nellie, you cannot guess how this answer of yours pains me," he said, sadly.

She took his hands confidently in hers.

"Do not be angry with me," she pleaded. "I have a good reason for my silence. Another's life depends on it."

"Another's life?" repeated the boy, in surprise.

"Yes. One I love dearer than all else in this world—my father."

She bowed her head in her hands and the tears flowed freely.

"There; do not question me further. Let us go from here. Mr. Kelso may be on the watch and, not hearing the explosion, he may return to see what is the matter. Should he do so and find us on the island we could hardly escape him."

"Don't fear for me, Nellie. Now that my hands are free I warrant you that Jim Kelso and his cowardly Italians would think twice before tackling me. He had a lesson himself that he hasn't forgotten."

At the entrance to the quarry they found young Meggs, who was thirteen years old, seated upon a rock with his face cocked toward the beach. They embarked in the boy's boat, and in twenty minutes Nellie and Don were landed at the foot of the cliff, while the boy rowed homeward.

"I hate to part with you, dear little girl," said Don. "But, depend on it, I will see you soon again. I will never feel satisfied until I have rescued you from the clutches of the Kelsos."

Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he took her face between his hands and kissed her lips. She uttered a little cry, and springing away, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.—The Face of Jim Kelso.

With a sigh Don Winthrop turned his steps toward Lakeview.

"I wonder what those rascals did with my horse?" he muttered. "Well, they've put their foot in it this time, and I guess Andrew Newman will have to look up another foreman. I will put Jim Kelso through to the limit. If he doesn't get twenty years, at least, for his attempt on my life, I'll be greatly disappointed. He deserves a life sentence."

He struck the regular trail around the hill and followed it with a steady stride, which promised soon to land him at the cut where the laborers' houses were. Here he would be able to telephone to the office, for he knew his brother

must be anxious over his lengthened and unaccountable absence.

"I'll bet Gil has a party out searching for me, and if they ran across the horse—well, I'll soon be able to set the dear boy's mind at ease."

He presently passed the spot where he had been overpowered by the villains.

When he arrived at the cut he found something doing. Mike Doyle, the watchman, was the first to see him approaching.

"Upon my word, Mr. Winthrop! Where have you been all this time? Your horse walked in here about five o'clock when the rain was coming down at a smart rate. Your brother sent out every blessed one of the Italians to look for ye, thinking something had gone wrong, but not a sign of ye could they discover between here and the cliff. When the hands knocked off and came in Sinkey and Boggs each headed a searching party, and they came back an hour ago without finding a clue to your whereabouts. Faith, ye look as if ye'd been having a rough time of it."

"I had a bit of adventure, that's all," said Don, carelessly. "Is my brother out here?"

"Yes, sir. He's in the office with Boggs and Sinkey."

The office to which Mike Doyle referred was simply a small boarded-off section of the ground floor of one of the men's houses. It was furnished with a table, at which Gil sat when he paid the laborers off. A couple of chairs and the telephone completed the furnishings. Don walked in as cool and collected as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. His unexpected appearance was as surprising as it was welcome, and Gil naturally wanted to know right away what had happened to him.

"I'll tell you all about it on the way back," Don replied. "Have our horses brought up, will you, Sinkey?"

It was nine by the clock, and the twenty odd Italians who had been out with the two foremen beating up the hills for a trace of the young boss were now eating their supper. From his brother Don kept nothing back. He told Gil the whole story from start to finish.

"Good heavens, Don! You had a close call," said Gil, with a thrill of horror. "And you really mean to say that the blind girl saved your life?" he added, in astonishment.

"She most certainly did."

"And where has she gone? Surely not back to the Kelso cottage after that?"

"She did go back. Nothing I could say was of any avail to influence her to the contrary. Her actions are an enigma to me, almost."

"What do you mean by 'almost'?"

"Well, she gave me a slight hint on the subject, though it necessarily is incomprehensible to me."

And Don told his brother of Nellie's single admission on the subject.

"That scoundrel seems to have some terrible hold on the girl," said Gil. "After we land him in jail we may perhaps find out what it is."

Don was not very sanguine that the man's capture would afford the desired result. Mother Kelso seemed to exercise the same power of intimidation over Nellie. However, he hoped for the best, fully resolved to probe the mystery to its root. On reaching Lakeview Don immedi-

ately sought the chief of the local police and put the matter before him. It was such a serious affair that several officers were at once sent out to arrest Jim and Jerry, as well as the two Italians, Gulla and Rossi, on sight. The young contractors then went home, expecting to hear in the morning that the villains had been landed in jail. But they were disappointed. The officers scoured the country roundabout, the authorities of the adjacent towns and villages were notified to be on the lookout for the fugitives, and finally the police of several cities within a certain radius were communicated with. But in the end nothing came of it. The two Kelsos, Tony Gulla and Mike Rossi had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Don hired two men to keep constant watch on the Kelso cottage on the cliff, night and day, with orders to notify him of every movement happening in that quarter. His chief object was to prevent the spiriting away of the blind girl Nellie, which he feared might be contemplated.

Whether Mrs. Kelso discovered or suspected that she was under surveillance we cannot say, but she made no attempt to leave the locality. Nellie, however, was never seen out of doors. As days went by work on the railroad progressed rapidly. Don had all the men he could use with advantage, and he was perfectly satisfied with the results achieved. Drilling and blasting was under way at the base of the cliff, and at this point the young contractor spent a large part of his time. He made several attempts to get into communication with Nellie, but his efforts failed. She was too vigilantly guarded for that. Mrs. Kelso maintained a scornful and defiant attitude. How she managed to get her supplies no one could tell, for she was never absent from the cottage herself, and no one was seen to go there. By the middle of summer the cut was finished and the steam shovel put out of commission. The grading of the line was practically finished to the satisfaction of the railroad company from the outskirts of Lakeview to the mouth of the tunnel, which was now two-thirds completed. The large force of laborers thus released was transferred to the other side of the cliff, where they had plain sailing almost all the way to Glendale. The filled-in site accepted by the carriage manufactory had been paid for, and the young contractors had made a clear profit of \$4,000 on this speculation. The site they had purchased for a summer hotel was rapidly being put into shape for the foundation, and Don expected to have the carpenters at work within the next thirty days. Plans for this building had long since been drawn up, and Don had recently advertised a two years' lease of the projected establishment.

The building would be ready for occupancy the following spring.

"I received an answer to our advertisement this morning from a well-known Chicago hotel man," said Don to his brother one morning early in July. "He's coming down to inspect the location and go over the plans."

Then the two brothers, who had been standing outside the unfinished tunnel, separated, Gil returning to the bore, while Don started to skirt the base of the cliff, where it was laved by the

waters of the lake, in order to reach the scene of the railroad beyond the tunnel. As the lake was perfectly placid that afternoon it was an easy matter to step from rock to rock and thus gain the other side of the precipitous wall. When half way around Don paused and wiped the perspiration from his brow. It was decidedly hot in the sun, and there was scarcely any breeze stirring. The surface of the water was as unruffled as the face of a mirror, glittering in the sunshine like a plate of burnished gold. As the boy stood there taking in the sweep of the waterscape, there suddenly came a whiz through the air, as a big rock, apparently dislodged from above, descended obliquely toward his head. Fortunately, its aim was not true, and it passed an inch above the young engineer's shoulder, striking him a glancing blow on the head. This, however, was sufficient to stagger him and cut a jagged scalp wound. Recovering his balance, Don glanced up at the face of the rock mechanically, and there more than half way up, peering down at him with a look of calm ferocity, was the repulsive countenance of Jim Kelso.

Don Winthrop was thunderstruck. He dashed across the rocks and reappeared at the mouth of the tunnel just as his brother and Sinkey came walking out. Gil was surprised at the blood on Don's face, and the latter related in a hurried manner how it happened. Sinkey was instantly despatched to get his men together and scout around the top of the cliff to catch Jim Kelso. Don and Gil did the same. But Kelso was not found. Then the Kelso cottage was searched by the police, whom Don had notified, but nothing resulted except the fact that Nellie was also missing from the cottage. Then one night as Don and Gil were inspecting an excavation which had been made for the grading of the railroad whom should they see but Andrew Newman and Jim Kelso seated on a tree stump in the midst of a tangle of bushes. They had a lighted lantern by the light of which the two boys were enabled to recognize them.

They were in consultation and both boys heard enough of it to learn of the villainous nature of the two conspirators. Jim Kelso promised for the sum of \$5,000 to put through a plot that would settle the aspirations of the contractors for all time to come. Shortly after this Kelso led Andrew Newman from the scene of the confab. The plot was to steal the dynamite belonging to the young contractors and blow up the tunnel, and it was to be done that night.

CHAPTER XII.—The Car of Death.

There was evidently an outlet at the back of the pocket, for in that direction Jim Kelso piloted his late employer, and the two men almost immediately disappeared from view. Don Winthrop drew back his head and turned to his brother, who had been leaning against him during the entire interview.

"You heard all they said, didn't you, Gil?" he asked in a guarded tone.

"Every word, but I did not catch sight of either of them. What are we going to do, to defeat this piece of villainy? It's lucky we came out here to-night."

"It was providential, Gil," replied his brother, solemnly. "Whatever plans that scoundrel has for accomplishing his purpose, they seem to be well matured from the way he talked. His confidence staggers me. You may be sure he is not alone in this. Those two Italinas and his son Jerry are with him hand and glove. How they have managed to elude the police, who have been over every foot of this ground, astonishes me. That they have managed to live three months under cover hereabouts shows that they have allies on the outside. Now that we are forewarned as to their intentions we must round them up before they can carry their dastardly scheme into execution. After that we will attend to Mr. Newman, who has made himself an accessory before the fact, and to that extent he will come within the meshes of the law. Now, Gil, you get back to the cut as soon as you can, rouse up a dozen of the Italians you can trust in this emergency and get them over to the neighborhood at once. Keep well in the background until I join you, or you see the chance to get the drop on these rascals. I'll see what I can do to nip the scheme in the bud."

Gil pressed his brother's hand and hurried away on his mission, while Don cautiously entered the pocket of the gully and walked in the direction taken by Kelso and Andrew Newman. The dynamite used in blasting the tunnel was stored on the hillside in a hut a quarter of a mile from the tunnel. Two watchmen in turn, guarded the place night and day. Don guessed that Jim Kelso intended to get possession of the dynamite stored in the hut and use it to wreck the tunnel. He determined to prevent this at any hazard. So when he made his way out of the series of gullies in the hills he directed his steps towards the hut. He found the watchman on the alert. The man naturally was surprised to see him there at that hour.

"Jennings," said Don, when he came up, "an attempt is to be made to-night by a gang of rascals—Jim Kelso, his son Jerry, and the two Italians, Gulla and Rossi—who have been concealed in this vicinity ever since the quarry affair, to steal the dynamite we have on hand and use it to wreck the tunnel. I want you to run down and bring the tunnel watchman back with you. The three of us ought to be able to stand them off with our revolvers."

"All right, sir," replied the watchman, and he started down the declivity to carry out his orders. Don stood in the shadow of the doorway and waited. Five minutes passed slowly away, then ten minutes, and still no sign of the two watchmen.

"It's time those two fellows were here," muttered Don, impatiently.

Unseen by the boy, two shadows crept upon the hut from behind. They parted at the back of the building, where it was encased in its mound of earth, and each glided up on opposite sides. Only one stepped out in front, and the young engineer saw the figure at once.

"Who's there?" he demanded, with his right hand on his revolver.

"Don't move, or I'll drill a hole through ye," cried the voice of Jim Kelso, and Don bit his lip with vexation, for he saw the rascal had him covered with a pistol.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded the ex-foreman, peremptorily.

Don determined to take a desperate risk. Making a feint to obey the order, he drew his own revolver, and like a flash had it pointed straight at the scoundrel. His intention had been to fire at once, and it would have gone hard with Kelso, but at the moment he pressed the trigger his arms were suddenly caught from behind and the bullet went wide of its mark.

"Who have ye got here, anyhow?" growled Kelso. "He doesn't look like the watchman."

It was clear he had recognized Don in the dark. Tony Gulla, who had been kneeling on the boy's back while he was tying his hands, turned the prisoner over and thrust his ugly countenance close down to the young contractor's face.

"Gotta de match, boss? Betta one dol' we gotta da prize pack."

Kelso found a match and lit it. He held it down toward the face of his prisoner and started back with an oath.

"Donald Winthrop!"

"Whata I say?" grinned the Italian. "We catcha da boss of da job. Gooda haul. No expect."

Two more shadows came out of the gloom in front. A squeaking sound followed them. They proved to be Jerry Kelso and Mike Rossi dragging up a hand car. The procession came to a stop a few feet away.

"We found two watchmen down yonder, dad, instead of one, as we s'posed," said Jerry, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"You got 'em all right, did ye?"

"Betcher life we did. We left them bound and gagged where they wouldn't get hurt by the explosion. We brought up some tools to break open the door of the hut with. I guess you kin do that part of the job better'n the rest of us."

"I guess I kin," said his father, gruffly; "and while I'm doin' it ye might feast yer eyes on ther gent Gulla and me got hold of a minute ago."

"Not Donald Winthrop!" fairly gasped Jerry.

"Ef ye don't believe me, look him over," said his father, taking up one of the tools and making an attack on the lock of the door.

The Italians got busy, and in fifteen minutes every pound of the explosive in the hut was transferred and secured to the handcar.

"Now, Mr. Winthrop, we'll pile you on top, and see if you can get away from it as easily as you did from the nitro-glycerine over at the shanty. Ye are booked straight for the mouth of the tunnel—ye and the dynamite. When the car strikes at the end of the route I reckon there will be somethin' doin'."

The ruffian's words sent a chill of horror to Don's heart. He felt that he was doomed to a horrible death. The help that he knew was coming would arrive too late to save him or avert the catastrophe he had planned to prevent. Gulla and Rossi lifted the young contractor from the ground and secured him to the car as best they could. At any rate, he seemed to be safe enough for the short trip.

"Ye kin say yer prayers as ye go down," said Kelso, brutally, and he gave the signal to start the car on its fatal journey. The two Italians gave it a push and the wheels began to turn. In a moment or two it began to gather momentum

and slipped away from their hands. Then it vanished into the gloom of the night, and the four villains waited with strained attention for the explosion they looked for to follow.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

Half way down the wheels revolved so fast that the hum of their revolution struck on Don's ears with rising distinctness. It was the requiem of death. Apparently nothing could save him now. Like a flitting shadow it passed the startled gaze of a dozen men, headed by Gil, who had just arrived on the scene.

"What's that?" exclaimed Gil to Mike Doyle, the night watchman at the cut, whom he had fetched along.

"Sure, it's a handcar running wild, sir!"

"A handcar——"

A crash and a tremendous explosion cut the words out of his mouth. The face of the cliff was lit up for a moment by the glare, and then darkness, more intense than ever, settled about the scene.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Gil. "We're too late. They have dynamited the tunnel!"

The crowd of Italians, preceded by the boy and the watchman, made a rush for the mouth of the tunnel. Within twenty feet of it Doyle tripped upon a yielding obstruction in his path, and went floundering on his hands and knees.

"What the dickens——" he began, as he recovered himself and felt of the object. "Why, it's a man, as I'm a Christian!"

"Is that you, Doyle," said a voice, and the figure seemed struggling to sit up.

"By all the blessed saints, it's never you, Mr. Winthrop, is it, sor?"

"It isn't anybody else, Mike," replied the recumbent object. "Cut me loose if you've a knife handy."

"Gee whiz! What's the matter with ye?"

"My hands are bound behind my back."

"Faith, that's rough. And how did ye come this way?" asked Doyle, as he knelt beside his boss and fished in his pocket for the jackknife he always carried.

"It's the work of Jim Kelso and his pals," answered Don, who had escaped from the handcar and certain destruction in the most remarkable manner. "I'm pretty badly shaken up. You'll hardly believe me when I say I was bound to a handcar loaded with dynamite and sent down the grade to what was apparently my death. Thank heavens, I have escaped; but I am afraid the scoundrel has succeeded in destroying our work in the tunnel."

In another moment they were at the mouth of the tunnel, where several lanterns were now twinkling and flitting about. More lanterns were to be seen around the corner of the cliff, where most of the men seemed to be gathered.

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Don, in the utmost amazement. "The tunnel seems to be all right."

"Sure it is!" echoed the voice of Mike Doyle.

"Beta you life," said an under-foreman named

Zottarelli, coming up with his lantern. "Everyting all right, boss. Noa blow up here. Looka down yon'. Taka da face offa da cliff. Grata big smash."

A drizzling rain set in about this time, which, with the intense darkness of the night, put a stop to any further investigation of the damage done to the cliff. The two watchmen were discovered bound and gagged half way up the hillside, when a section of the party, headed by Don, started toward the hut. They did not have any expectation of seeing any trace of Jim Kelso and his crowd, however. Those scoundrels had fled immediately after the explosion of the dynamite. They did not go far away, as Jim Kelso was not yet prepared to shake the dust of the neighborhood from his feet. As many more were guarding the tunnel, though he made no attempt to go in that direction. Soon after daybreak on the following morning Don and Gil were on the ground where the explosion had occurred, making an examination of the huge break in the cliff.

The young engineer mounted the jagged fissure with proper caution. The opening in question appeared to be the beginning of a subterranean passage leading into the heart of the cliff. Curiosity compelled Don to enter it and to follow its course, to see where it would wind up. He penetrated the passage for a distance he thought to be about one hundred yards, when he unexpectedly emerged into a cavern-like room. A lighted lantern hung from a hook stuck into the wall. By the dim light thus afforded Don saw there was a table, two stools, and a cot in the place. Upon the cot, attired as Don had last seen her, lay Nellie, the blind girl, asleep.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, thoroughly astonished by his discovery. "Nellie—in this underground hole! What can it mean?"

She sprang to her feet and extended both of her hands to him.

"Surely something must have happened, else you could not have gained access to this place, which is directly under the cottage."

"Yes, little girl, something has happened. Kelso tried to destroy our tunnel with dynamite last night; but his plan miscarried, and instead the end of the cliff is badly scattered. Surely you must have felt the shock of the explosion?"

"I did. It awakened me from my sleep. But I could not understand what it meant."

"The falling away of the rock disclosed an opening, which I discovered this morning. I found it led into a kind of passage and, curious to see where it went, I followed its course until I reached this cavern-like room and found you asleep on that cot. There; that's the whole story."

"Then you can save my father!" she exclaimed, in a fever of sudden excitement, seizing the young engineer by the arm. "You will save him, will you not, for my sake?"

"Your father! What do you mean? Where is he?" cried Don in astonishment.

"He is there, behind those boards," and she pointed toward a section of the cavern-like room which Don, for the first time, noticed was partitioned off from the rest of the place. "He has been a prisoner there for years."

"A prisoner?" said the young contractor in amazement.

"Yes," she answered brokenly. "We were both trapped here long ago by Mr. Kelso, who wanted to get possession of an invention of my father's—an automatic coupler for freight cars which he had had patented. Mr. Kelso swore my father should never see the light of day again until he assigned his rights to him, and this my father has steadfastly refused to do. I was seldom permitted to see him, but made to work for Mrs. Kelso as a servant; and the threat was held over my head that if I ever breathed a word about my father's presence here his death would instantly follow."

"The scoundrel!" said Don, clenching his fists.

"As long as my father was in his power I was silent; but now that I see a way for his escape I fear the Kelsos no longer, for I feel you are my friend—that you will protect my father from that man once he is away from the place."

Don had Nellie's father, whose name he ascertained to be Edward Moore, removed from the underground cavern to his mother's home, and Nellie, of course, went there with him. Both received a kindly welcome from Mrs. Winthrop, whose sympathies were naturally attracted to the beautiful little blind girl. Mrs. Kelso was immediately arrested at the cotage on the information furnished by Don Winthrop, and late that afternoon Jim Kelso, his son, and the two Italians were cornered in the woods fifteen miles from Lakeview and taken prisoners. They were afterward tried on the charge of attempted murder at the quarry on Jumbo Island, Jim Kelso getting twenty years, the Italians fifteen years apiece, and Jerry seven years. With the exit of the Kelso gang from the scene there was no further trouble encountered by the Winthrop brothers with the railroad contract, and the work was satisfactory completed within the contract limit.

The two young contractors later on obtained the contract for building the trolley road from Lakeview to Greenville. They encountered no opposition from Andrew Newman, because that gentleman had just been tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for complicity in the tunnel outrage. The boys' profit on the D. P. & Q. branch line was something like \$40,000 in all, and they made about half as much on the trolley contract. The summer hotel was duly erected on the selected site alongside of the beautiful lake, and proved to be a winner, the three years' lease arranged with the Chicago hotel man bringing them in \$10,000 per year. The young contractors have greatly extended the business left by their father, and Don is now about to close a deal for building a railroad in Mexico.

He will be married in a few weeks to Nellie Moore, the little girl who saved his life in such a wonderful way on Jumbo Island. She is no longer blind. Money was no object to Don where she was concerned, and a great oculist succeeded in restoring her sight. With everything before them to make life happy, we bid farewell to the young contractors of Lakeview, who fought for fame and won it.

Next week's issue will contain "SEEKING A LOST TREASURE; or, THE NERVE OF A YOUNG EXPLORER."

CURRENT NEWS

THUNDERBOLT'S PRANKS

A severe electric storm in Easton, Md., played some queer pranks in the farmhouse of Charles Adamson while he and his wife were chasing chickens to shelter. A bolt entered by the front door, moved the parlor furniture out into the kitchen, pushed all the kitchen furniture out through the back door and then went upstairs and tossed the bedroom furniture out through the windows.

A SALESROOM PRISON

So many robberies have recently been committed in New York, below the so-called "dead line," that much of the diamond buying is done in small private offices whose doors close with an ominous click. When the goods have been examined, the salesman communicates with the outside office with a buzzer, and the door is opened from the outside, for the beautiful private office was to all intents and purposes a cell.

GAS FOR RATTLESNAKES

Mustard gas, phosgene and chlorine, deadly accompaniments of war, will be turned upon large dens of rattlesnakes in the vicinity of San Marcus, Tex., within the next few weeks.

This announcement was made by Major George M. Halloran, chemical warfare officer of the 8th

Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, who will direct the use of gases.

The experiment is to be made by special order of the Chief of Chemical Warfare, Washington.

TEST COAT OF MAIL

While the Danish Ambassador and other high officials looked on in breathless suspense, expert pistol shots peppered a Berlin policeman at will without harming him in the least. The affair was a test of the new coats of mail which have been adopted for all Berlin policemen because of the increase in crime and frequent attacks upon policemen by criminals.

The policeman target declared that he experienced only a slight shock from the bullets. The chain mail is so light that it can be worn at all times without discomfort.

CHOKES WHILE LACING SHOES

The steamship United States of the Scandinavian American line brought the body of Max Lange, 42, a salesman of 100 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y., who had strangled to death on the way over while unlacing his shoes. Dr. Hanson, the ship's surgeon, said he believed that Lange, while bending over was seized with a fit, which caused his tight collar to choke him to death before he could straighten up. Lange had been visiting his mother in Denmark.

BOYS, DO YOU LIKE DETECTIVE STORIES?

You Should Read

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

It contains the snappiest and liveliest stories you ever read. Each number begins with a rousing detective novelette, filled with pep from start to finish. Then there are from four to six short stories of police adventure with good plots and interesting situations. All these stories are written by the same authors who write for the higher priced magazines. Don't miss the articles about crime detection, yarns of the underworld and special items relating to ghostly happenings, peculiar events and current news of police cases.

Colored Covers, Fine Illustrations — 64 Pages

Get a Copy, Read It and See

How Interesting the Stories Are!

PRICE 10 CENTS

If you cannot procure a copy from your newsdealer send us the price (ten cents) and we will mail you one postage free. Address

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 W. 23d St., New York City

Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

"He—I—let me rest a few minutes, boys. I'll pull—up—again—I—"

His eyes closed and he seemed to sleep.

"Say, that's great," whispered Jack. "Are you game to try it with me, Art, if I'll put up the stake?"

"Why, I think so," replied Arthur, doubtfully. "It would be running a terrible risk, though. Lots of prospectors have lost their lives down there."

"He'll have to be more definite. If he has a map I suppose it will tell all."

"You don't think he was wandering in his mind, do you? You know he was a while ago."

"Seemed to tell a pretty straight story, Art."

"Well, so he did. I'd like to go. If you should decide to undertake it I certainly shan't let you go alone."

They continued to talk for fully half an hour. Jack related several stories of what he had read of conditions in the Ralston desert and the sufferings of those who had crossed it.

"He seems to breathe more faintly than ever," Arthur suddenly remarked. "I can't hear a sound."

Jack knelt beside the mattress and listened.

"Heavens! I believe he's gone!" he cried, laying a hand on the old man's forehead.

It was even so!

Old Ben Budd would never tell any more about his friend Adams' wonderful find—his spirit had fled to the great beyond.

The boys buried him under a big maple tree back of his old shack to which he had so strangely returned.

A careful search of his clothing revealed no map nor anything else of value. It looked as if nothing was destined to come of the great desert gold scheme on which Jack Fennister had set his heart.

"Just my luck," he growled. "It isn't that I need money, but I am wild to get in right on some big thing in the mining line. I wanted to be a gold king and to have all the papers talking about it, but I suppose it was not to be."

The day after the burial of old Ben Budd Jack began to talk again of pulling up stakes.

"We're only wasting our time here," he declared. "If the old man spoke the truth and really did take \$60,000 out of that hole, then it is indeed the top of an ore chimney and we might dig down to China and never strike it rich again," to all of which Arthur assented.

It was a beautiful day, but rather too warm, if anything. About noon Jack proposed a swim, and they went down to a place on the beach where

they had been accustomed to bathe, stripped and plunged in.

The water is very cold in this part of the Pacific and these plunges of the boys were but short affairs.

Jack was out in five minutes and was rubbing himself down with a hard crash towel when suddenly he spied a dark object further along on the beach.

"What do you suppose that is, Art?" he exclaimed, as he pointed to it.

"Looks like some old grip," replied Arthur. "More of the wreckage of the Queen, I suppose."

"Likely. When I'm dressed I propose to investigate."

He did so, and a much worn leather grip it proved to be.

"Any mark on it?" called Arthur.

"Well, there is," replied Jack. "It's marked B. B., if you please."

"Ben Budd!"

"Now don't raise my hopes, boy."

"Open it and see."

"I'll bring it up there. We'll have a look together."

The grip was not locked, merely secured by a catch; opened, various articles of a man's wardrobe were revealed, and among them was a small pocket Bible.

Jack turned to the fly leaf, and sure enough read:

"Ben Budd. His book. 1867."

"And the map!" cried Arthur.

"And the map," echoed Jack. "Out comes everything. This is the last throw in the old lake bottom scheme. It's a wonder we ever got the chance."

"This settles it, boy! I'm booked for the Ralston desert, hit or miss!"

Jack Fennister lay flat on the sand gazing at a large sheet of very wet paper which he unfolded with the utmost care.

It was the map, sure enough, found carefully stowed away in one of the compartments of the grip.

It was no badly executed piece of work, either. Ranges and isolated mountains were shown. Every point where water was obtainable was carefully indicated. The trail south from Reno was traced, ending at a point marked "Dry Lake." In the margin was written: "It was in the bed of Dry Lake that I discovered gold in great quantity in the summer of 1902. H. H. Adams."

Besides all this there was a distance table and various notes concerning landmarks, one of which read:

"Locate first the mountain marked 'Crouching Camel'; the resemblance is too strong to be overlooked. This found, proceed due east fourteen miles and you strike Dry Lake. It will be necessary to carry a good supply of water, for there is positively none to be had within fifty miles. To be caught without it means death, for the plain is deep with alkali, which, breathed in, dries one's throat to a terrible extent."

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

CARRIES WOLF IN ARMS

Carrying a live sixty-five pound female timber wolf under his arm, Big Joe Laflamme of Gogama, Ontario, walked into the local zoo recently and delivered the animal to the keepers.

He explained that last winter he found the body of a deer partially eaten, and had set a trap in the carcass.

"When I returned," he said, "I found the deer and the trap where they had been dragged along in the snow. That wolf had done it. She had dragged half the deer for about half a mile. Then the backbone of the deer to which the trap was fastened, had broken and she dragged that for a mile. Finally the trap became tangled between the bushes and held the wolf.

"I threw some harness on her, took off the trap and soon had her pulling in my dog team."

NAVY FLYERS TO MAKE ALASKAN SURVEY

Two navy seaplanes will make an extensive survey of Alaskan territory from the air this summer, ascertaining particularly data on air bases and general coast line conditions. The seaplanes will be attached to the commission, headed by Rear Admiral Chase. They left San Diego, May 25, and will base on the Cuyama during their operations in Alaskan waters.

It is expected that information of value to conservation and development projects will be obtained from the air concerning a territory and terrain that is otherwise almost inaccessible. Photographic maps will be made and information will be gathered which will be of great value to the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Alaskan Coal Commission.

The plan is to establish triangulation points on Baranof Island by aerial photography which may be used to plot in the territory from one coast to another. According to officials of the Coast and Geodetic Survey this work would require months of mountain climbing unless performed by fliers.

A survey of the Alaskan oil fields and seal herds will also be made. The planes that have been selected for this duty are new service DT torpedo and bombing planes and will be piloted by Lieutenants M. B. Brix and J. H. Stevens.

NATIVE METHOD OF DEALING WITH SPIRITS

Any attempts to communicate with the spirit world are dealt with summarily by the leaders among the natives in the Belgian Congo, according to the story recently told by Alexander George Mill, a Baptist missionary, who arrived on the steamship Columbia, accompanied by his wife and young daughter. The Mills have been in the Congo since 1911, working among some 70,000 natives in one of the wildest corners of Africa.

"When a native discovers that a friend or a relative is acting in a strange manner and cannot attribute it to any earthly cause the matter is reported to the leaders of the tribe or village," Mr. Mill said. "The blackmen then call a council

and decide that their fellow tribesman shall be purged of the devils and spirits. They brew a beverage from poison roots and force the suspect to drink it. This cures the native of any further communication with either the spirit or the earthly tribesmen here."

"If the native protests, he is charged with being a coward, and as this is the worst charge that can be made against a native, he usually drinks the cup without further ado. Many times I have seized the cup and thrown its contents to the ground, as it is against the Belgian law to administer the poison. The natives who give the cup are guilty of murder under the law. This has cut down the practice of the ceremony considerably, but it still persists in secret."

Mrs. Mill told of her Sunday school class of young native women who arrive for their lessons attired as nature made them. "They have no sense of prudery," she said, "and in fact are cleaner in thought and action than many who wear broadcloth and satin. They simply don't want to be hampered with clothes in that climate and are not embarrassed by the lack of garments, as that is the custom there. We have come to accept it."

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY

10 CENTS A COPY

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 127 WHEN CROOKS CONSPIRE, by Harold F. Podhaski.
- 128 THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE CAR, by Hamilton Craigle.
- 129 THE DETECTIVE AND THE LAW, by Frederick F. Shuey.
- 130 THE HAND IN THE DARK, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 131 THE TRAIL OF THE ROGUE, By George Bronson-Howard.
- 132 THE WOMAN FROM NOWHERE, by Jack Becholdt.
- 133 THE TIME DETECTIVE, by Frank Blighton.
- 134 THE WHISPERING-ROOM, By Benlah Poynter.
- 135 ONE CLUE MISSING, by Chas. F. Oursler.

The Famous Detective Story Out Today in 136 Is

THE DOOM OF THE DAMNED

By JOE BURKE

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street,

New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screen -- Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays -- Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films -- Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d St., New York

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

RADIO STATION HEARD 11,000 MILES

Announcement was made in Hartford, Conn., recently, that an amateur wireless station had succeeded in transmitting signals approximately half way around the world, establishing a new long distance record.

A ship operator reports he heard the station operated by E. W. Rouse at Galveston when he was 100 miles southeast of Ceylon in the Indian ocean, a distance of 11,000 miles.

NEW WAVE LENGTHS CAUSE TROUBLE

Broadcasting is undergoing a revolution. During the past few weeks there have been all sorts of changes in broadcasting. There have been more than a score of new stations opened. Many of the older and established stations have opened new studios, and several have changed their transmitting apparatus, says "Whit" in the *Boston Post*.

Now comes the new change of wave bands for almost every broadcast station in the country. Without doubt changes will be a great benefit when the listening public gets thoroughly acquainted with the various station waves, but for the present the change, coming so suddenly, has left many fans unable to tune in their pet stations.

Fans will now be required to do considerable "fishing" to get stations they desire, and once they get the stations care should be taken to list the exact position on their dials so that the station can be readily picked up again when wanted.

NEW RADIO STATION

Faith in the permanence of radio broadcasting is demonstrated by the announcement of the General Electric Company that the first plant to be constructed exclusively for popular broadcasting will be erected in Oakland, Cal., to house the large Pacific Coast station of that company.

Work will be started this month on a two-story studio building, the antenna towers and the power-house. Workmen are already assembling the radio equipment. It is expected that the new station will be in the air within six months.

The transmitting set will be similar to that which is now heard almost night from WGY, Schenectady, N. Y. It is probable that an auxiliary studio, connected with the transmitting equipment of the station by telephone lines, will be located in San Francisco.

The Pacific Coast station of the General Electric Company will utilize remote control to broadcast church services and musical entertainments from San Francisco and Oakland. The Pacific Telegraph & Telephone Company has offered to provide land wire connection for this type of service.

FRANCE'S RADIO STATIONS

While the United States has been carrying on an intensive campaign in wireless broadcasting and the use of radio by amateurs, France has

been hard at work developing its commercial wireless business through private enterprise. To-day France has the largest, most efficient and most powerful wireless equipment in Europe. Unlike England, France took the opportunity during the war of developing this new means of communication.

To-day the French Government has four high-power stations. Most Americans are familiar with the great Eiffel Tower which rears its steel framework into the Paris sky-line like a giant finger and snatches radio messages from around the world. It is in continuous contact with Arlington, near Washington, and all the other great American stations.

Next in importance comes the station at Nantes, which is allocated to the French Navy; the station at Lyons, which was erected during the war and is used by the Post Office for communications to America, Africa, Europe and the French colonies; and the great Lafayette station, near Bordeaux, which was built by the American Navy and later acquired by the French Government.

The Lafayette tower sends daily communications to Madagascar, Martinique and Saigon. The Government service consists of news, propaganda and official communications.

The chief wireless installation in France is now that of Ste. Assise and consists of two stations, one for European traffic and one for world communication.

EARLY RADIO AMATEUR WORK

One of the earliest feats of amateur radio has been brought to light by the discovery of a clipping from a Minneapolis newspaper dated April 6, 1902. It was found in the effects of D. McNichol, an executive of one of the large radio corporations in New York. It reads in part:

"While experimenting with wireless telegraphy Friday evening D. McNichol, general telegraph agent of the Soo road, was startled by receiving messages from some one who was also experimenting with the system.

"The message was often broken, but letters and words come through so distinctly as to satisfy Mr. McNichol that he was at one end of a very satisfactory test. There was nothing distinct at first, and Mr. McNichol concluded that some ordinary electrical influence had caused it. But a few minutes later the instrument licked again, and letters were plain. Later there was more connection to the letters, until words could be spelled. The word 'after' was the first one that came complete.

"Mr. McNichol became thoroughly aroused, and he immediately made the instrument as sensitive as possible. He placed carbon filings between the silver plates of his coherer, but had hardly done this before the message ceased.

Mr. McNichol is inclined to believe that the party sending the message was experimenting with the current sent off by wireless telegraphy."

It is known that this wave will affect bells and lights. The person might have had a bell, light and transformer in the room, and by using a reflector turned the wave alternately upon all three. This would account for Mr. McNichol receiving only an occasional word. Mr. McNichol says that the message might have been sent from anywhere within a radius of twenty-five miles."

It may be doubtful if Mr. McNichol can qualify as the first radio amateur on the strength of this clipping, but he certainly has established his claim to membership in the Old Timers' Association. One thing is certain: reporters held their quaint theories of radio matters in those days, even as at the present time.

A REFILLABLE "B" BATTERY

The usual vacuum tube employed in radio reception requires the use of two batteries for its operation. There is the storage battery, which supplies current for the filament, and there is the "B" or plate battery, which furnishes energy for the plate circuit. The "B" battery should have a voltage of $22\frac{1}{2}$ for detector tubes, and 45 to 100 for amplifier tubes. Generally, a "B" battery comprises a number of small dry cells connected together and encased in a cardboard container, thoroughly sealed in to insure perfect connections and to keep out moisture.

Now the great drawback with the usual type of "B" battery is that all the cells are not necessarily employed. If the battery is being used with a detector tube, only 16 or 18 volts may be required, and two, three or four cells may not be used. Yet after a while the majority of the cells are exhausted, and the unused cells must be discarded along with the dead cells for the reason that they are all cast en bloc, to use a good automobile expression.

To obviate this waste, there has been invented an ingenious container which takes the usual unit cells now employed for flashlamps. The container has square compartments which take the unit cells, while brass springs or strips on the bottom of the container and also on a fiber cover which fits over the cells, make the necessary series connections. A wooden cover, finished off to match the rest of the container, is placed on top of the fiber connection board and is held in place by its nicked strap which engages with screws at the ends of the case. The cover slides into place without the use of tools. The battery thus assembled is a most efficient one. No solder being employed for connections, there is no danger of imperfect connections or the presence of soldering paste that might cause leaks. Furthermore, the cells are thoroughly insulated one from the other. Hence there are no troublesome noises incurred through the use of this renewable battery.

RELIEF BY RADIO

The steamship West Cahous, lying in anchor in Baltimore harbor about nine miles from the city, needed help about 3 o'clock one morning recently, and needed it quickly. A member of

the crew had fallen into the hold and had been seriously injured. The captain of the ship sent a wireless broadcast asking for help. The call was picked up, says the Public Health Service, in describing the incident, not in Baltimore, but at Cape May, N. J., about 100 miles eastward. As Cape May was separated from the ship by parts of New Jersey and Delaware and by the Eastern Shore of Maryland, no direct help from there was possible.

"But the operator was on the job," continues an announcement by the service. "Promptly he consulted the long distance list in the Baltimore telephone directory and called up the residence of the Public Health Service surgeon in charge of the Marine Hospital in Baltimore—100 miles to the west. The surgeon, roused from sleep to receive the message, asked him to radio certain emergency treatment to the West Cahous and to direct the captain to send a boat to a certain pier in Baltimore where he would find a surgeon waiting to go out to the ship with him and so, in the middle of the night, in less than an hour, a wireless-controlled, sea-going ambulance carrying a Public Health Service officer reached the side of the injured sailor and brought him later to the hospital."

In connection with seamen's right to free radio medical service, it is pointed out that some masters of ships may not as yet have been fully informed, so Surgeon General Hugh S. Cummings has directed that posters giving full information be forwarded to all vessels of the American Merchant Marine. This medical service is really a sort of subsidy to merchant ships and sailors. A century and a quarter ago, when Congress established the Public Health Service, under the title of the Marine Hospital Service, it directed it to render medical aid to every American seaman who applied for it, and that for this each seaman should pay 20 cents a month. This was in 1798; in 1870 the tax was doubled, but in 1888 it was abolished, and since then all such aid has been rendered free. Even the expense of calling the service by radio from away out at sea is borne by the radio companies without expense to ship or sailor.

The forthcoming poster reads:

"The United States Public Health Service provides hospital care and out-patient treatment for sick and disabled seamen. Hospitals with modern equipment, skilled physicians, specialists, dentists and trained nurses are open to all persons employed on documented American vessels, and to the Coast Guard, lighthouse keepers and certain others who help to keep the flag on the seas. An ambulance will go to the dock at any time upon telephonic call from a ship's officer.

"As you are proud of a good ship take pride also in keeping your own body healthy. Most injuries are due to carelessness. Most diseases can be prevented. Prompt care of small injuries may save a limb. Early treatment for disease may save a life or prevent months of illness. Learn to keep well. Pamphlets on tuberculosis venereal diseases and other common diseases are sent on request by the Surgeon General, United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. A book, 'The Ship's Medicine Chest and First Aid at Sea,' will be sent on request to the master of the vessel."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1923

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	7 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	"	90 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	"	\$1.75
One Copy One Year.....	"	2.50
Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50.		

HOW TO SEND MONEY — At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.
L. F. Willain, Treas.

HARRY E. WOLFF,
Publisher, Inc.,
166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

WHAT IS A MAN WORTH

Georgine Ludin, says a medical journal, has analyzed us, declaring that "we are made of soap (fat), iron, sugar, lime, phosphorous, magnesium, potassium and sulphur," all having a total value of 98 cents to the individual. That being so, no one hereafter can "look like 300 cents."

A NEW METHOD OF FOOLING FISH

A new method of fooling the fish has been discovered by the owner of a fishing boat in Berwickshire, Scotland. He uses a net dyed the hue of the sea, and the result has always been a much better catch. A convincing test was recently made when a fleet of sixty-five fishing craft competed. One of the boats used nets dyed blue, and the others the usual brown nets. The blue nets in every test bagged the most fish.

SUBMARINES WILL HELP SALVAGE SUNKEN SHIPS

One of the latest methods devised for the recovery of sunken treasure is that of an European company which seeks to use submarines to gain an entrance to the interior of the vessels wherein repose the chests of gold. When the wreck has been definitely located, a submarine will be brought to the scene and sent down to discharge a torpedo into that part of the sunken vessel where the treasure lies. Once that portion of the ship is opened, a mechanical octopus will be lowered to grasp the treasure chest in its tentacles. The octopus is probably the most ingenious part of the entire scheme. It will be equipped with immense searchlights, a cabin, observation ports and periscopes so that those within may guide it to the treasure.

A number of engineering difficulties will be encountered, one of which will be to keep the torpedo from destroying the treasure chest when it blows up the steel sides of the ship. We assume that the engineering company that is promoting the scheme has taken all such difficulties into consideration, however.

RECEDING ICE LINE

The permanent ice layer, or stratum of frozen subsoil, which lies just underneath the blanket of moss common throughout much of Alaska and has led many to believe that crop production could not be made successful there, recedes under cultivation, according to reports from the Federal agricultural experiment stations in that Territory.

At the Rampart station, which is within about fifty miles of the Arctic Circle, the soil was found to be frozen to within eight inches of the surface when the first clearing was made and the moss removed in the summer of 1900. The ice layer has now receded to a depth of six or seven feet.

A well was dug some time ago to a depth of twenty-five feet on land on the lower Yukon River which had been under cultivation about ten years and no permanent ice encountered.

The presence of this frozen subsoil is not without advantage in the interior of Alaska, where the rainfall is light and dry seasons sometimes prevail. At such times the moisture from below is brought to the roots of plants by capillarity and crop production is assured.

LAUGHS

"Where did you get that cigar?" "Somebody gave it to me." "A friend?" "I don't know yet."

"Has Tom given up paying attention to Matilda?" "Ya-as." "What! Jilted her?" "No, married her."

"Why this hush, this elaborate tiptoeing about?" "S-sh! Mother is getting ready to ask father for a little extra money."

"You're kinder to dumb animals than you are to me, your wife." "Well, you try being dumb, and see how kind I'll be."

"Have you any nice beefsteak this morning?" "Sure. Here's some steak as tender as a woman's heart." "Give me a pound of sausage."

If your leg is loose get it tightened before the table tips and breaks your dishes. All work guaranteed.—Furniture repairer's ad. in the *Bremerton Evening Searchlight*.

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school-room," exclaimed teacher. "I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

Wife—An' phwy do yez be takin' thim pills when yez are well again? Husband—Faith, would ye be afther havin' me let a dollar's worth of pills go to waste? It's a thriftless family Oi married into, sure.

"So you want to join our company?" said the theatrical manager to the seedy-looking applicant. "In what places have you ever appeared?" "Well," replied he, "my last engagement was with 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'" "What character did you act?" "I was the Blot."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

18 INCHES OF HAIL FELL

"Thousands of animals perished in a hailstorm in the region of Esquias, Honduras, June 9. In the valleys and mountains hail fell to a depth of eighteen inches.

A FEAT OF MEMORY

Herr Otto Schrader of Berlin is the possessor of a freak memory. The German Meteorological Society tested it recently. "What was the weather on Nov. 26, 1890?" Schrader was asked. "It was clear before dawn; in the afternoon it became cloudy, with snow flurries. The temperature was two or three degrees below freezing point," answered Schrader. The scientists checked him up and found that he was right.

STOCKINGLESS BATHERS NOT LADIES

Capt. James H. Gillen of the Coney Island police, who recently ruled all bathing suits off the new boardwalk, sent out a plea to bath house proprietors to put up signs requesting women not to go on the beach without stockings.

There is a regulation covering nearly every other article of bathing apparel except the stocking. Stockings are optional, but the police of Coney Island object to their absence and hence have asked the bath house proprietors to do what they can to make women bathers wear them.

"If they don't wear 'em," said Captain Gillen, "we can't do anything about it—but they're not ladies."

CONCERNING MOONLIGHT

It is probable that very few persons are aware of the fact that the full moon gives several times more than twice the light of the half moon. They may be still more surprised to learn that the ratio is approximately as nine to one.

Stebbins and Brown, taking advantage of the extreme sensitiveness to light of a selenium cell, measured the amount of light coming from the moon at different phases, with the result above mentioned. The reason for the remarkable difference shown is to be found in the varying angles of reflection presented by the roughened surfaces of our satellite to the sun. The moon is brighter between first quarter and full than between full and last quarter.

CURIOUS LENSES

It is reported that, after many years of experimentation, a French scientist has succeeded by using glass shells filled with fluid, in producing optical lenses said to be as good as the best massive glass lenses in present use, and of much greater size.

The importance of such an invention in the field of astronomy is obviously great. The average large lens manufactured out of massive glass for astronomical purposes has a diameter of about one and a half meters, and it requires a period of several years to make it, while the price is much in excess of \$100,000. Such a lens, it is claimed, may be manufactured by the French

process mentioned in a few weeks, at a cost of from \$500 to \$750. Lenses of smaller diameter for photographic purposes, for opera glasses, reading glasses, etc., can be produced, it is said, at correspondingly smaller cost.

The lens consists of a fluid substance inclosed between two unusually hard glass surfaces, similar to what crystals, in which the reflective powers and other characteristic properties are so chosen that the glass surfaces not only serve to hold the fluid but also combine with the fluid to overcome such defects as are scarcely to be avoided in ordinary lenses. It is for this reason also that the lens is achromatic.

50 RATS ARE WOMAN'S PETS

A complaint lodged with the health officer of Jersey City revealed recently that residents of the Greenville section of Jersey City have been congregating nightly in the vicinity of 266 Old Bergen Road, where some half hundred rats have been frolicking away the dull hours of the evening on the roof of the two-story frame dwelling which occupies the premises.

The rats, huge, gray, bewhiskered old fellows, few under ten inches from tip of nose to base of tail, were plainly visible from the roadway, swarming over the shingled roof, climbing up the screens in the windows of the upper dwelling, or balancing precariously on such bits of furniture in the interior as were visible in the deepening twilight.

An investigation by Health Inspector Edward F. Doran in the upper tenement revealed that Mrs. Mary Tobin, who occupies it with her husband, had made the rats welcome some months ago and was providing them with food and water, they furnishing her with entertainment and diversion in return.

Mrs. Tobin told the inspectors that she buys her pets nine loaves of bread each day—testimony which was amply borne out by the several pans of broken loaves found scattered about the house for the convenience of the rodents. She sometimes varies their diet with a little condensed milk, but they for the most part seemed to be content with the bread except on such occasions as they nibbled away at the brim of Mr. Tobin's derby hat or polished up their incisors on his winter overcoat, all of which bore evidences of their attention.

In addition to this the rats had chewed holes in the floor, gnawed the shingles off the roof, bitten holes in the mattress and provided themselves generally and generously with emergency exits, look-out stations, trysting places and sun parlors.

The complaint was made by Nicholas Roehrenbeck of Roehrenbeck & Sullivan, proprietors of a tinsmith shop on the ground floor of the building. Mr. Roehrenbeck said the other day that he had not noticed the rats until a few months ago when they became obnoxious. He had constructed an ingenious tin trap and baited it with cheese and rat poison, but could not entice any of the intruders down from their diet of bread and condensed milk.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

FRENCH VILLAGE GETS DRUNK

Scenes reminiscent of the French revolution were enacted in the little village of Quievrechain near Lille, when nearly every one in town became riotously drunk on quinquina, a French liquor, discovered leaking from a 3,000 gallon tank car.

Workmen discovered the leak in the car which was on a siding. Word spread through the village. Men, women and children came running with buckets and pans. Hundreds, rapidly intoxicated by the potent liquor, staggered through the streets.

Gendarmes arrested eight ringleaders, but the tank car had been emptied.

NEW RECORD IN TREE PLANTING

More than 6,200,000 forest trees, or enough to reforest about 6,000 acres of land, have been planted this spring by private owners of forest land in Pennsylvania, Chief State Forester Major R. Y. Stuart announced recently, declaring this the largest number of trees planted on private forest land in any one year in the history of the State. Among the 1,600 private planters who set out trees were farmers, lumbermen, water companies, mining companies and municipalities. Berks county leads all others in the number of forest trees planted, 108 persons setting out 335,000 trees. Indiana county leads the other counties.

MOUNTAIN FLYING

Consideration has been given to the possibility of aerial observations in the Himalayas. The range, it appears, has only six peaks above 27,000 feet high, and an aviator flying at about 23,000 or 24,000 feet should have no difficulty in crossing if the highest peaks were avoided, while if he chose certain of the gorges an altitude of some 19,000 feet would suffice. The greatest of the many obstacles to be encountered is the mountain sickness, which occurs in the highest altitudes through deficiency of oxygen. The gradual climber, going afoot, is less handicapped in this respect than the aviator rising suddenly from sea level in his machine. On the other hand, the pedestrian has more fatigue to undergo, and this practically equalizes matters.

A LONELY LITTLE SOUTH ATLANTIC ISLAND

Few globetrotters have watched the snowclad peak of Tristan da Cunha lifting over the horizon. It is far from the liner track, an almost forgotten backwater in a busy world. But Cape Town is the gateway of the southern seas and a few weeks ago I sailed from that port to see Tristan. Seven days steaming over unfrequented ocean and we arrived at our destination. Six months had passed since a vessel called at the island, and we knew that the inhabitants would be short of flour and many other necessities.

The Rev. Rartyn Rogers, the young clergyman who volunteered to go to Tristan and who has been living there for twelve months now, told

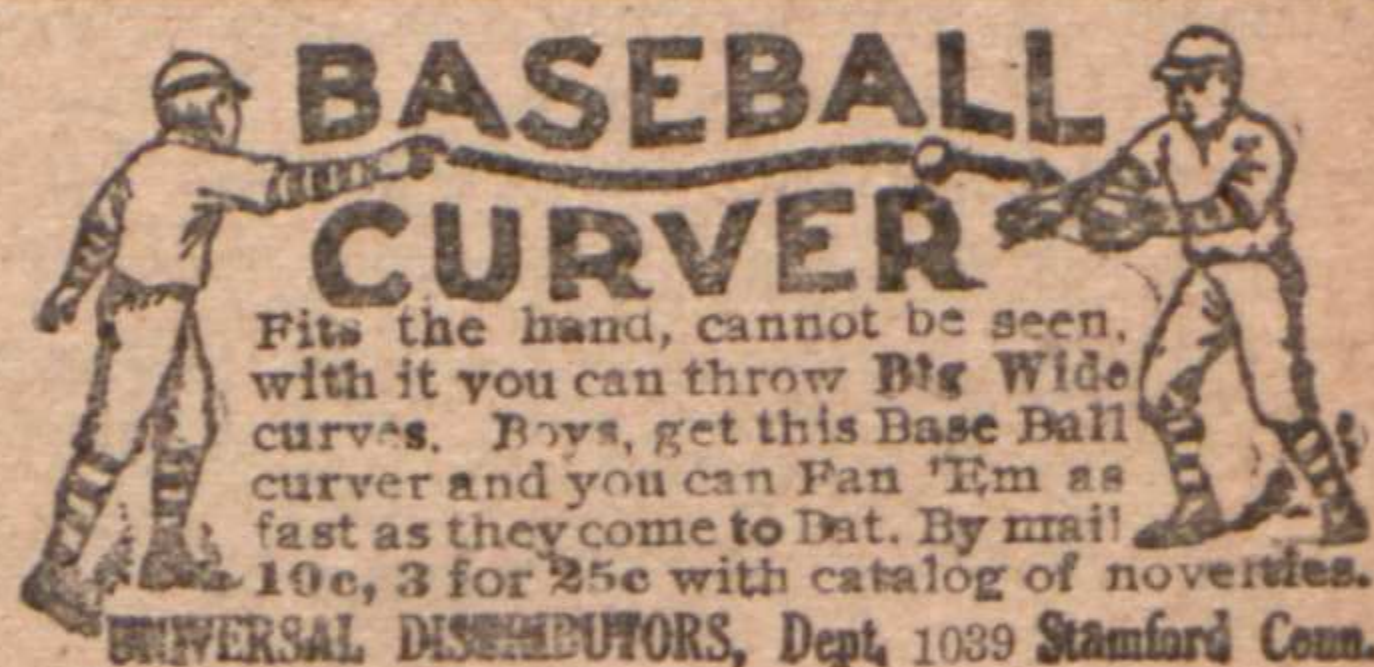
me of the hardships of his parish. They had not eaten bread for weeks. The last potato crop had been almost destroyed by drought. Many cattle had died during the winter through lack of pasturage. Milk had been scarce. In a few weeks fish and seabirds' eggs would have been the staple diet.

Landing at Tristan called for great skill and the captain wisely decided to leave the work of getting the stores ashore in the hands of the islanders. Naval cutters and whalers carried the bales and cases to a place near the shore, where everything was transshipped into island boats. In one of these canvas craft I shot in through the breakers and grounded on the black volcanic beach. It was a picturesque scene. With the sun swinging low work went on at high pressure.

Backed by a range of cliffs, the landing place is a vivid memory. A group of swarthy women waited to help the boats ashore. A boat, heavily loaded, came racing in, the man at the steering oar shouting in the drawling twang of the Tristan dialect. The painter was flung out; a dozen women strained together and before another wave could break the precious stores were safe. Everything went up a rough path, through a miniature gorge, to the settlement. The stores were packed in amazing carts, rude wooden tumbrils with two wheels, drawn by oxen, with the Boy Scouts of Tristan acting as "voorloopers." That night intense white pencils of light—the cruiser's searchlights—swept the beach. The work went on.

Every one who calls at Tristan is bound to meet Bob Glass. He is a tanned, wiry man of 50, with a mustache and blue eyes. World rover, soldier, sailor, whaleman and adventurer, he is a grandson of "Governor" Glass, who founded the settlement over 100 years ago. Wearing his Boer war medals, Bob Glass is the first man to board a passing ship. He presents the visitors' book, a volume containing the names of vessels that have called at Tristan for scores of years. Bob is something of a scholar and keeps the records of the island.

He himself is a living repository of information about the queer settlement.



BASEBALL CURVER

Fits the hand, cannot be seen, with it you can throw Big Wide curves. Boys, get this Base Ball curver and you can Fan 'Em as fast as they come to Bat. By mail 10c, 3 for 25c with catalog of novelties.

UNIVERSAL DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. 1039 Stamford Conn.

MORPHINE **FREE YOURSELF**
SEND FOR INFORMATION
DR. QUAYLE SANITARIUM, Dept. 971 MADISON, OHIO

ASTHMA or HAY FEVER Treatment
mailed on trial. State which you want. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Write today.
Address W. K. STERLINE, 844 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OH.

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson



I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next

salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4490-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Delivered to you Free

for 30 days trial on approval. Choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of famous **Ranger Bicycles**. Express prepaid, at Factory Prices.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments.

Tires wheels and equipment at half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous terms.

Mead Cycle Company Write to us today
Dept. 188 Chicago



GOITRE

Pay When Well

I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a little while. Pay when well. Tell your friends about this. Write me at once. **DR. ROCK.**
Dept. 96 Box 737 Milwaukee, Wis.



\$25 A DAY

Selling Shirts

Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand—exclusive patterns—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples.
Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES.
How and Where to Find Them Particulars for 2 cents
Model Publishing Co., 21 Come Building, Chicago

Learn Electricity Free Railroad Fare. Great Shops of Coyne. Complete in 3 months. Enter anytime. Special limited offer. Drafting—Radio free. Send for Big Free Catalog. Act NOW!
Coyne Electrical School, Dept. B-109 1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

KRUGER'S HIDDEN GOLD DISCOVERED

South Africa is greatly excited over the reported discovery in the Pietersburg district of a vast sum of gold which Paul Kruger, late President of the Transvaal, is said to have buried in his flight to Delagoa Bay and Europe, about twenty years ago, to escape capture by the British.

The Johannesburg correspondent of the London Times, who sends the story, says that gold bars and coins, comprising part of the fortune of Kruger, have been recovered.

The legend of "the Kruger millions" was once a favorite topic of discussion here and in South Africa, but it has been almost forgotten in recent years.

Recovery of the fabled fortune of Paul Kruger, who left an estate valued at \$3,750,000, has been the goal of adventurers and commercial syndicates for some time. More than \$3,000,000 in gold, representing the bulk of Kruger's money, was cemented in the hold of the bark Dorothea, which sank on Tenedos Reef, off the Zululand coast about twenty years ago. This money, which has never been recovered, so far as is known, is said to have been shipped by Kruger previous to 1904.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES.

Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50, make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 171, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL LITTLE ARTICLE. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Manager, 9699 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE \$30.00 DAILY, taking orders for \$3.95 Union-made raincoats. Factory prices. Largest commission. Your pay daily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle Raincoat Co., 155 No. Union St., Dept. 318, Chicago.

FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS! Opportunity awaits you in one of lower Michigan's best counties; 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts; only \$10 to \$50 down; bal. long time. Near thriving little city. Investigate. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., M1268 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel experience unnecessary. Write George Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

PERSONAL

RAISE YOUR WINE GLASSES AND DRINK a toast in "V. R." (Americanized Vin Rouge). Looks, tastes like regular wine. Popular for entertaining guests. Mixed dry, all ready for 200 drinks, \$1.00, carriage paid. L. McQueen Co., Box 724, Cincinnati, O.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 23, with money, will marry. F., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WIDOW, worth \$40,000, will marry. Club, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL, 20, with \$30,000, will marry. H., League, Box 35, Toledo, Ohio.

BEST, LARGEST MATRIMONIAL CLUB in Country. Established 19 Years. Thousands Wealthy wishing Early Marriage. Confidential. Free. The Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

DO YOU WANT NEW FRIENDS? Write Betty Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

GIRL, 20, worth \$30,000, lonely, will marry. H., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

HANDSOME BACHELOR, worth \$35,000, wants wife. P., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

HANDSOME LADY of means; would marry if suited. (Stamp.) Violet, Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

PERSONAL—Continued

LONELY LITTLE FLAPPER, tired living alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. 166 Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp, please).

LONESOME? Get acquainted. I will help you. My methods insure confidence. Hundreds seeking matrimony. Information free, stamp, please. Mrs. Franz, 947 Montana St., Chicago.

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get your's today. Don't delay. Send full birthdate and 10c. K. Okie, 209 West 139th St., New York, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265-R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Many \$1,000 to \$2,000.00 Waiting. Lists, particulars, plain sealed for stamp. Smith, Box 1167K, Denver, Colo.

MARRY. HEALTH. WEALTH—Members everywhere, worth to \$50,000. Photos, descriptions free. SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, Cimarron, Kan.

MARRY IF LONELY; "Home Maker"; hundreds rich, confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club", Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY RICH—World's Leading Correspondence Club for lonely people. Many worth to \$400,000. Quick Results Guaranteed. Confidential list FREE. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 262, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from \$1,000 to \$50,000 seeking early marriage, descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions, Free. National Agency, Dept. A., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY RICH—World's Leading Correspondence Club for lonely people. Many worth to \$400,000. Quick Results Guaranteed. Confidential list FREE. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 166, San Francisco, Calif.

PRETTY MAIDEN, wealthy but lonely, will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., 7R23, 122 Federal St., Camden, N. J.

PRETTY MAIDEN, wealthy but lonely, will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

WHOM SHOULD YOU MARRY? We'll tell you. Send 30c and birth date to Character Studies, 1515 Masonic Temple, New York City.

WEALTHY, pretty, affectionate girl, would marry. Write, enclosing envelope. Doris Dawn, South Euclid, Ohio.

SONGWRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 405 E. Roman Bldg., New York.

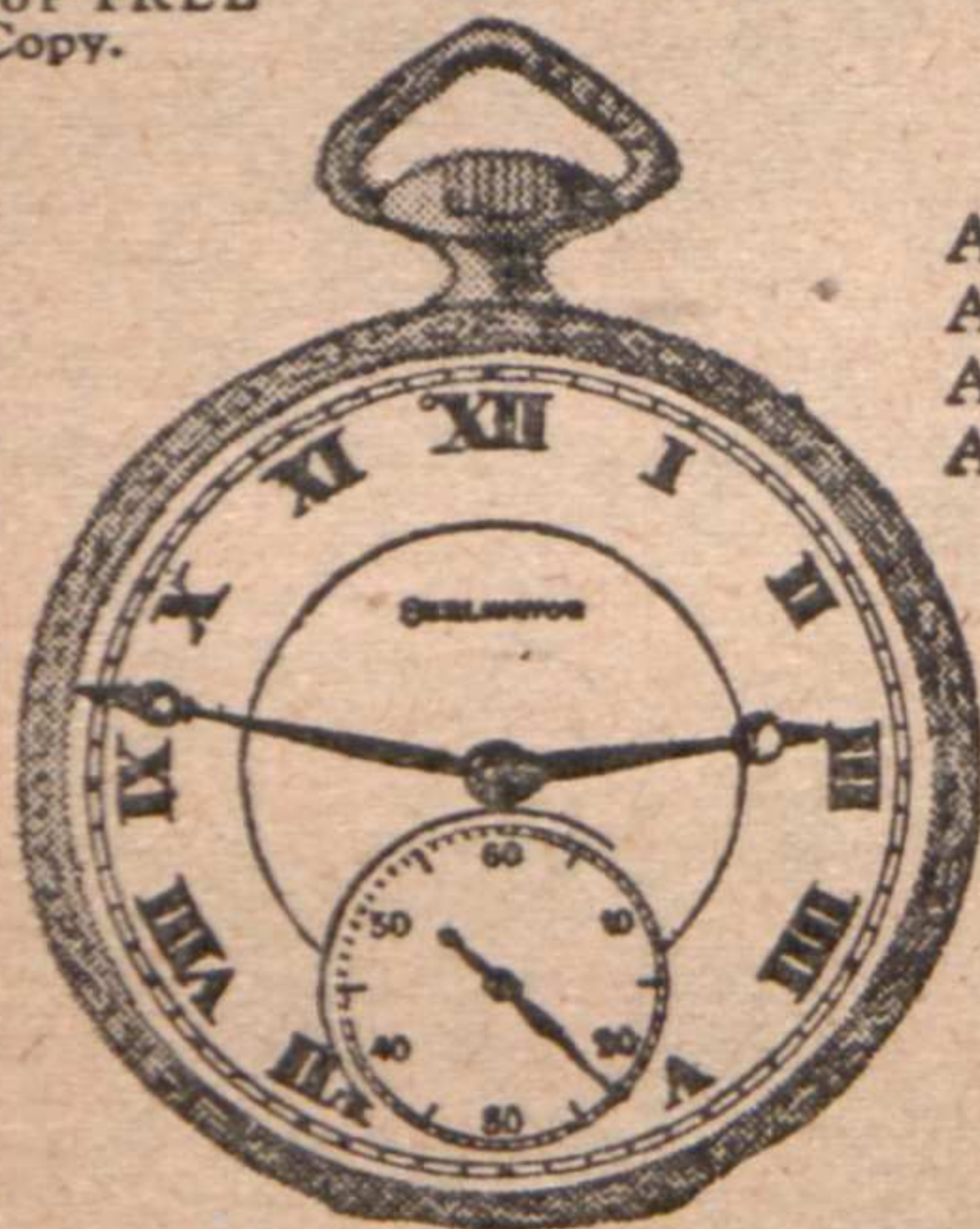
TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC., Baltimore, Md.

21 Jewel Burlington

Just Out

Latest Designs in
Watch Cases beautifully
illustrated in
our booklet. Send
for FREE
Copy.



Adjusted to the Second
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to Positions

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels
25 Year Gold Strata Case
Montgomery Railroad Dial
New Ideas in Thin Cases

Only \$1⁰⁰ Down

Only One Dollar Down will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy, monthly payments. The Burlington — a 21-Jewel Watch — is sold to you at a price much lower than

that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Don't delay! Write for the FREE Watch Book and our SPECIAL OFFER today.

Write While This Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Remember, the Burlington is sent to you for only One Dollar down, balance in small monthly payments. Send the coupon for watch book and our special offer TODAY!

Burlington Watch Company

Dept. B-109, 19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Chicago
Canadian Address: 62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Burlington Watch Company

Dept. B-109, 19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago
Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your \$1.00 down offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name _____

Address _____

Fame and Fortune Weekly

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 884 Getting the Coin; or, The Luckiest Lad in Wall St.
- 885 In the Lumber Trade; or, A Winning Speculator.
- 886 A Boy's Big Deal; or, The Wall St. Tip That Won.
- 887 Prince, the Printer; or, The Little Shop That Was Made to Pay.
- 888 The Little Money King; or, Tempting Fate in Wall Street.
- 889 Among the Missing; or, The Treasure of the Silver City.
- 890 Lucky Larry; or, The Boy Who Made Wall Street Take Notice.
- 891 The Young Wrecker; or, The Boy Who Dealt in Derelicts.
- 892 In the Game for Gold; or, Beating the Wall Street Market.
- 893 Messenger Sixty-four; or, Hustling for a Living.
- 894 Old Kitson's Kid; or, The Best Tip in Wall Street.
- 895 Lineman Jack; or, The Boy Who Built a Business.
- 896 Barry & Co., Bankers and Brokers; or, The Boy Money Makers of Wall Street.
- 897 On the Fast Mail; or, From Clerk to Postmaster.
- 898 His Last Chance; or, The Boy Who Made Money in Wall Street.
- 899 Shipped to Sea; or, The Treasure of the Coral Cave.
- 900 An Errand Boy's Fortune; or, The Office of the Wall Street Secrets.
- 901 In the Film Game; or, The Boy Who Made Moving Pictures.
- 902 A Smart New York Boy; or, From the Tenements to Wall Street.
- 903 Mark Milton's Mine; or, A Schoolboy's Inheritance.
- 904 The Young Banker; or, The Mystery of a Money Box.
- 905 The Secret Chart; or, The Golden Treasure of the Crater.
- 906 The Boy Behind the Deals; or, The Luck of a Wall Street Broker.
- 907 Thrown on the World; or, Starting Business with a Dollar.
- 908 A Speculator at 16; or, The Lad Who Worked His Brains.
- 909 Tom, the Steeplejack; or, Winning a Living by Nerve.
- 910 Saving a Million; or, Ben and the Wall Street Brokers.
- 911 Down and Out; or, A Hard Boy to Beat.
- 912 The Boy Banker's Double; or, A Strange Wall St. Mystery.
- 913 The Young Beach Comber; or, A Fortune in the Sand.
- 914 The Little Boss; or, After the Wall St. Money Kings.
- 915 \$250,000 in Gold; or, Hunting a Hindoo Treasure.
- 916 A Corner in Money; or, Beating the Wall St. Loan Sharks.
- 917 Going It Alone; or, The Boy Who Made His Own Luck.
- 918 Little Dan Tucker; or, Making Big Money in Wall Street.
- 919 Fighting for Business; or, Beating a Bad Start.
- 920 A Boy Money-Maker; or, In Wall St. on His Nerve.
- 921 Buried Gold; or, The Treasure of the Old Buccaneers.
- 922 Hitting It Rich; or, The Luckiest Firm in Wall St.
- 923 Sam the Salesman; or, The Boy With the Silver Tongue.
- 924 Playing in Luck; or, A Plotter's Dangerous Deal.
- 925 After a Big Stake; or, Brains Against Brawn.
- 926 Facing the Mexicans; or, The Secret of the Aztec's Gold.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c. per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,
166 West 23d Street, New York City

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address
L. SENARENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 1. **NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies and curious games of cards.

No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instructions on all leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 10.—**HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 13.—**HOW TO DO IT; Or, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete handbook for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A most complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full directions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald.

No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
166 West 23d Street New York